CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 114,000.

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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

"NASBY IN EXILE."

See Fifth Page.

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Poetry.

WHITTIER'S LAST POEM.

His Tribute to Oliver Wendell Holmes On His Birthday, August 29.

Among the thousands who with hail and cheer
Will welcome thy new year,
How few of all have passed, as thou and I
So many milestones by!

We have grown old together; we have seen,
Our youth and age between,
Two generations leave us, and to-day
We with the third hold way.

Loving and loved. If thought must backward run
To those who, one by one,
In the great silence and the dark beyond
Vanished with farewells fond,

Unseen, not lost; our grateful memories still
Their vacant places fill.
And, with the full-voiced greeting of new friends,
A tenderer whisper blends.

Linked close in a pathetic brotherhood
Of mingled ill and good,
Of joy and grief, of grandeur and of shame,
For pity more than blame—

The gift is thine the weary world to make
More cheery for thy sake,
Soothing the ears its Miserere pains,
With the old Hellenic strains.

Lighting the sullen face of discontent
With smiles for blessings sent.
Enough of selfish wailing has been had,
Thank God! for notes more glad.

Life is indeed no holiday; therein
Are want, and woe, and sin.
Death and its nameless fears, and over all
Our pitying tears must fall.

Thy hand, old friend! the service of our days,
In differing moods and ways,
May prove to those who follow in our train
Not valueless nor vain.

Far off, as faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem,
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift cold hands alone

For love to fill. The nakedness of soul
Brings to that gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
And live because He lives.

—Atlantic Monthly, September.

OVERWORKED.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the sky are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them,

The men are wanting their breakfast early;
She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly
Are what the men give when meals are late.

Oh, glorious colors the clouds are running,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes and there is the churning—
Those things must always yield to these.

The world is filled with the whd of beauty,
If she would but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot and her hands grow weary,
Oh, for an hour to rest her head
Out with the birds and the winds so cheery!
But she must get her dinner and make the bed.

The busy men in the hayfield working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would think her lazy and call her shirking
And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner,
Plenty of it and just "on time."

And after the sweeping and churning and baking,
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and "chores" draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She sees, as she patches their frocks and hose,
For the world is quick to censure mothers,
For the least neglect of their children's clothes.

Her husband comes from the field of labor;
He gives no praise to his weary wife;
She's done no more than has her neighbor;
'Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary tussle,
When life is done and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters—shall call her blest.

And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the way-worn farmer's wife.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

HER WEAK POINTS.

She was up in every science, and had placed at grim defiance all the intellectual giants that had ever been before.

She had gone through Vassar speeding, and her thoughts domestic heeding, she had learned so much by reading that she couldn't take in more.

She had studied art and fiction, and the subtle laws of friction, and had polished up her diction till it shone with light intense.

She had pondered on divinity, and lectured on the Trinity, her talks upon Infinity were said to be immense.

She had studied with devotion all the currents of the ocean. She would talk with great emotion on the pedigree of rocks.

And for hours her brain would wheedle on the history of Tweedle, but she used a crochet needle when she darned her husband's socks.

—Clothier and Furnisher.

Miscellany.

THE NECKLACE.

She was one of those attractive girls who, as if by some mistake, are occasionally born into a family of clerks. She had neither expectations, means nor dowry. She married a little clerk at the Ministry of Public Instruction. She dressed plainly and was very miserable, as if she had fallen from her proper station.

She had no gowns, no jewels, nothing of the kind, and she loved only magnificence.

One evening her husband returned home with a triumphant air, and holding a large envelope in his hand. "There," said he, "is something for you."

She tore the letter sharply and drew out a printed card which bore these words: "The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Rampouneau request the honor of M. and Mme. Loisel's company at the parlors of the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband expected, she threw the invitation on the table with disgust, murmuring: "What shall I do with that?"

"But, my dear, I thought you would be glad. I had a lot of trouble getting it." She looked at him with a flashing eye.

"What shall I wear?"

"How much would a suitable dress cost?"

She reflected several seconds, figuring out the amount and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal.

Finally she said, doubtfully:

"I think I could manage with 400 francs."

He grew a little pale, because that was just the amount that he had laid aside to treat himself to a little vacation.

However, he said: "All right, I will give you the 400 francs."

Her husband asked her one evening, "What is the matter? Why have you been so queer these last three days?"

She answered: "It annoys me not to have a single jewel, not a single stone, nothing to put on."

But her husband exclaimed, "How stupid you are. Go look up your friend Mme. Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels."

She uttered a cry of joy. "It's true, I never thought of it."

The next day she went to her friend and told of her distress.

Mme. Forestier got a large jewel box and said to Mme. Loisel, "Choose, my dear."

She saw first of all some bracelets, and then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross of gold and precious stones of fine workmanship.

All of a sudden she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb diamond necklace, and her heart beat with extreme desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her throat outside her high-necked dress and remained lost in ecstacy at the sight of herself.

Then she asked, hesitatingly, filled with anguish:

"Can you lend me that—only that?"

"Why, yes; certainly."

She sprang upon the neck of her friend, kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure.

The day of the ball came. Mme. Loisel made a great success. She was prettier than them all—elegant, gracious, smiling and wild with joy.

All the men looked at her, asked her name, and tried to be presented to her.

She went away about 4 in the morning. Her husband threw over her shoulders the cloak he had brought, a modest cloak of common life, whose poverty contrasted with the elegance of her dress.

She felt this and wanted to escape, so that she might not be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back.

"Wait a bit. You will catch cold outside. I will go and call a cab."

At home she removed the wrap which covered her shoulders before the glass, so as once more to see herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She had no longer the necklace around her neck!

They looked in the folds of her dress, in her pockets, everywhere. They did not find it.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route we have taken, to see if I can't find it."

He came back about 7 o'clock. He had found nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to act."

At the end of a week they had lost all hope.

The next day they took the jewel box to the jeweler whose name was inside. He consulted his books. "It was not I, madame, who sold that necklace; I must simply have furnished the box." They found in the Palais Royal a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly like the one they had looked for. It was worth 40,000 francs. They could have it for 36,000.

Loisel had 18,000 francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers and all the race of lenders. He compromised all the rest of his life, risked his signature without even knowing if he could meet it; he went to get the new necklace, putting down on the merchant's counter 36,000 francs.

Mme. Loisel now knew the horrible existence of the needy. She took her part with heroism. The debt must be paid. She came to know what heavy housework means, and the odious cares of the kitchen. She dressed like a woman of the people.

Each month they had to meet some notes, renew others, get more time.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything.

Mme. Loisel looked old now. She had become the woman of impoverished households—strong and hard and rough. With frowsy hair and skirts askew and red hands, she talked loud while washing the floor with great splashes of water.

One Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Elysees to refresh herself from the labors of the week, Mme. Loisel suddenly perceived a woman that was leading a child. It was Mme. Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

She went up. "Good day, Jeanne."

The other, surprised, did not recognize her, and stammered, "But—madame! I do not know—you must be mistaken."

"No, I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry. "Oh, my poor Mathilde, how you have changed!"

"Yes, I have had days hard enough since I have seen you, days wretched enough, and that because of you."

"Of me? How so?"

"Remember the diamond necklace which you lent me to wear at the minister's ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"What do you mean. You brought it back."

"I brought you back another just like it. And for this we have been ten years paying. You can understand it was not easy for us, who had nothing. At last it is ended and I am very glad."

Mme. Forestier had stopped.

"You say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it, then! They were very like."

And she smiled with a joy which was proud and naive at once.

Mme. Forestier, strongly moved, took her two hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste. It was worth at most 500 francs!"—From the French of Guy de Maupassant.

WILL EDISON BE OUTDONE?

The Light of the Future, According to Mr. Tesla.

It seems hard to believe that in a very few years the incandescent lamp, which we now regard as in many respects an almost perfect light, will be regarded as a crude makeshift, which mankind availed itself of while science stood on the threshold of the discovery of the perfect luminant, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Mr. Tesla has shown in his experiments an ideal form of electric lighting which would transcend in luxury and convenience our present system of electric lighting by incandescent lamps as far as the latter transcends the oil lamps and tallow tips used by our near ancestors.

Every drawing room would become an electric field in a continued state of rapidly-alternating stress, in which the occupants would live, experiencing no unpleasant effect whatever, while vacuous tubes of phosphorescent globes and tubes, without care or attention, would shed a soft diffuse light of color and intensity arranged to suit the most luxurious fancy.

Mr. Tesla's watchword is that the phosphorescent glow is the light of the future. He hints at artificial aurorae spreading from the summits of towers or hitherto undreamt of height, and he has, at all events, got as far as producing in the air at atmospheric pressure a glowing plane bounded by two rings about a foot and thirty inches in diameter, respectively. Whether all his visions will be realized remains to be proved; there is no doubt that they are guiding him right.

Geographical Names.

Siberia signifies "thirsty." Sicily is "the country of grain." Caledonia means "a high hill." Asia signifies "in the middle," from the fact that ancient geographers thought it between Europe and Africa. Italy signifies "a country of pitch," from its yielding great quantities of black pitch. Hibernia is "utmost" or "last habitation," for beyond this to the Westward the Phoenicians never extended their voyages. Britain is "the country of tin," great quantities being found in it. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies either "white" or "high," from the whiteness of its shores or the high rocks on the Western coast.—Boston Globe.

Old Gold.

Mistress—Have you had a falling out with your young man, Katie?

Maid—I pit him out, mum, if that's phat ye mean.

Mistress—What was the trouble, Katie?

Maid—He brought me a ring wid "18 K" marked into it. He said that was for me name an' age, but me cousin Moike do be sayin' it might have riference to me hair.—N. Y. Herald.

A Far-Sighted Young Man.

Shippen Clarke—Why do you give so expensive jewelry to your fiancee?

Cashin Hand—I do it from economical motives.

Shippen Clarke—How's that?

Cashin Hand—If I spent money in theatres, oyster suppers, candy and the like it would be sunken capital, but after we are married I shall be able to raise money on that jewelry. See?—Puck.

To Keep the Hair in Curl.

Girls who are complaining that salt air, high winds, perspiration, or any of the various despoiling causes have taken their hair out of curl should remember that if they fan their bangs, after frizzing with an iron until all the heat has left them they will remain intact three times as long as if left to cool gradually.

FUN FOR ALL THREE.

The Man, the Rat and the Cat All Came In for a Share.

A little after 9 o'clock last Monday night a Scranton man saw a huge gray rat capering over the folds of a lot of summer dress goods in the big show window of a Wyoming avenue dry goods store. A nearby arc lamp made the window almost as light as day, and when the man had watched the gamboling of the rat for a few moments, he stepped up and tapped on the plate glass with his finger. At that the rat skipped behind a standing frock pattern and peeped out at the visitor. Then the man held the fire end of a cigar close to the glass and the rat immediately scampered from his hiding place, jumped against the pane, and tried to get at the glowing cigar. He butted his nose against the glass until he had satisfied himself that he couldn't reach the red spot on the outside, and then he backed off a few inches, wriggled his smellers violently, and blinked at the man. Next, the rat student took a few puffs at the cigar, and the rat climbed to the top of a stack of dress goods and eyed him curiously. Then the man knocked off the ashes and moved the fire end from one side of the window to the other, near the floor, and the rat got down at once, chased the cigar back and forth half a dozen times, bumped his head against the glass, and made strenuous efforts to seize the cigar. For twenty minutes the rat danced against the pane, and when the cigar was smoked up he lay down close to the glass and panted as though he was all out of breath. Presently the man struck a wax match and held it toward the window, and the rat instantly hopped up and skedaddled out of sight. He returned in a short time, and the man lighted another cigar and kept the rat dancing until he became so exhausted that he could hardly crawl.

At about the same hour on Tuesday night the man went to the window again. The rat wasn't in sight, but he popped into the window as soon as the student had begun to rap on the pane, and he started to dance over the dress goods the moment the man held the lighted end of his cigar close to the glass. When the rat began to pant, the man stuck a bit of toasted cheese in the corner of the sash. The rat sprang to the corner, got scent of the cheese, and began to scratch and squeal to get at it. When the cheese was removed, the rat sat upon his hindquarters, gazed at the man, and licked his chops as though he was half starved. Soon he went to nibbling at the starch in the goods, and when the man started to go away the rat ran across the window, jumped against the glass, and acted as if he wanted to follow.

On Wednesday night the rat student passed the store at 10 o'clock. The rat was watching for him, and he began to dance and caper against the pane the instant the man took out a cigar to light it. He cut up till he couldn't stand, and half an hour later the man found the rat tired and hungry and sound asleep on the dress goods in the bright electric light.

It was nearly 11 o'clock when the man went to the window on Thursday night. The rat was perched on top of a pile of goods waiting for the man to come, and he ran down to the floor of the window and started to frolic and dance before the student had a chance to light a cigar. Just as the man was about to hold his cigar toward the glass, and while the confiding rat was playfully hopping up the pane, there was a gray flash from behind a piece of goods, something struck the glass with a thump, and the astonished student saw his four-footed nocturnal pet struggling and squealing in the claws of a fine large cat. He let the cat have the rat, but puss understood her business, and in an instant she had the dancing rat by the neck and went out of sight behind the dress goods in a twinkling.—New York Sun.

ONLY A SCAPEGOAT.

A Dry Goods Man Who Draws a Salary for Being Bounced.

A new industry has just been introduced into Denver. In every large retail establishment there is an innumerable number of "kicks" to be registered and it keeps one man busy smoothing down the ruffled customers, who often kick without reason. One of these managers of kickers has hit upon a novel device by which he mollifies the angry.

A reporter was sitting in his little office the other day watching him pour oil on the troubled waters, says the Colorado Sun. A lady came in with blood in her eye. The goods which she had purchased were not as represented, she claimed.

"Be seated, madam," said the manager, "and I will try to locate the blame."

He touched a little button on his desk, and a cash-boy answered.

"Tell Jackson to come here at once."

Jackson soon arrived looking very guilty. He was rather a handsome young man, but was evidently agitated.

"This lady says that you told her these goods were all silk. How came you to make such a statement, sir?"

"I thought—"

"You knew better. This is the second time you have made this misstatement and I shall have to dispense with your services. Take these goods back, and draw your money and leave at once."

Jackson bowed and stammered and made his escape.

"I don't think that was the salesman," began the lady, "the one I bought these of had a beard."

"No matter; Jackson is responsible for all the mistakes in that department, and I'm glad that I dismissed him."

The lady went out, feeling very sorry that she had caused the young man to lose his situation.

She had no more than gone when another woman came bristling in, and said:

"I paid for three yards of this gingham and got only a little over two. I won't be cheated. It's a little matter, but I want my rights."

"Be seated, madam, and I'll see what can be done."

He touched the bell and he said to the boy:

"Tell Jackson to come here at once."

Jackson appeared, trembling as before.

"You have been selling short measure in ginghams again. I've had enough of this sort of thing. You are discharged."

"But I—I—"

"Not a word, sir. You are discharged."

The woman pleaded for him, but the manager was adamant.

When she had gone he turned round with a grim smile.

"It works well, doesn't it?"

"Do you really keep him here to be fired?"

"He has nothing else to do except to keep out of sight. People are always satisfied when they succeed in getting the clerk discharged, and he is already becoming used to it."

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A boiling teakettle does its best to whistle like a steam engine.—Ram's Horn.

Dotley (who notes her black velvet ribbons)—You are in half mourning?" Dorothy—"Yes, my half brother is dead."—Brooklyn Life.

"Why, Arduppe, how awfully thin you're looking!" "Yes, old fellow, you see, my present diet is a trifle lowering." "What are you living on?" "My wife's relations."—Funny Folks.

Aggrieved Passenger—"What, thirty cents from New York to Orange? Why, that's three cents a mile!" Official (of the Delay, Linger and Wait railroad)—"Yes, but it's only about twelve cents an hour."—Life's Calendar.

It's a queer man who wouldn't rather feel his oats than his corns.—Philadelphia Times.

A great many who try to set the prodigal son find out too late that they acted the calf instead.—Atchison Globe.

Acquaintance—"You are not wearing your watch to-day. Is it broke?" Seedleigh—"No, but I am."—Jewelers' Review.

How to Rub.

People who rub their arms or legs for rheumatism should remember that the secret of the benefit derived from massage is that the operator always rubs up, that is, in the direction of the heart. The reason is found in the fact that the valves of the veins and capillaries all open toward the heart, and by rubbing in that direction the action of these vessels is assisted, the vessels themselves enlarged and circulation is more fully promoted. Rubbing down, that is, away from the heart, does harm, for it clogs the veins and capillaries by impeding the circulation, without in the least assisting the action of the arteries, which lie too deep to be affected by external friction, even if it could do them any good.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

DRESSES DOWN TO THE ANKLES

Children Wearing Long Skirts Like Their Mothers.

Little Miss Muffet, if she were a well-dressed child, would have to-day some slight difficulty in making her escape from her enemy, the spider. Her gown would be too long to allow of much free motion. But what else could be expected in Miss Muffet's dresses when Mamma Muffet's gowns trail over the sidewalk? At any rate the little girl

JUST LIKE MAMMA.

has the advantage of looking strikingly picturesque.

A quaint frock, which reaches the ankles of its youthful wearer, is shown here. In the original it was made of silk, and the skirt stood out stiffly, and the big sleeves kept their puffed appearance from the heavy quality of the material. The gathered skirt was sewed on to a full bodice, which had a square yoke of softly gathered silk. A narrow frill trimmed the short puffed sleeves. This style would be equally well adapted to such materials as pique, Bedford cord and the like.

BABY'S AWFUL CALAMITY.

A Sadden Alarming Discovery Made by a New Father.

There is a little home over in New Jersey to which there came week before last a first baby, says the Baltimore Herald. As the proud young father had never had much to do with babies before, he showed some natural diffidence about handling the little new-comer, and it was not until she was nearly a week old that he tried his hand at holding her.

He sat with the child in his arms, stroking the tiny hand, the soft cheek, the downy hair. Suddenly he uttered a half-smothered ejaculation, and stooped closely to examine the child's head. In a moment he arose very pale, laid the baby in the cradle, and left the room, and in a minute his voice was heard at the telephone, sending a hasty summons to the doctor.

Then he returned to his wife's room and began to pace the floor in evident agitation, casting glances of distress at the child and of pity at the mother.

In a few moments his evident agitation produced the natural effect.

"What is the matter, John?" said his wife, starting up in bed. "Is the baby sick?"

"There, there, my dear, you must not allow yourself to be agitated," said the husband, with the tact usually characteristic of the lord of creation. "You must be kept calm at all risks."

"But, John, I am sure it is something dreadful," persisted the wife. "Do tell me!"

"Hush, my dear," was the solemn response. "Remember that your excitement at this time is very dangerous to baby."

There is no knowing to what pitch of anxiety the mother might have been brought had not the doctor been announced at this moment. The young father rushed out into the hall and caught the physician's hand.

"Wait a moment, doctor," he said, in a trembling voice. "I sent for you to see if you would do anything to help the baby, and if not to aid me in breaking the news to my wife."

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed the alarmed physician, as the young man paused, overcome with emotion.

"Oh, doctor, doctor!" half sobbed the father, "I have made such a dreadful discovery. The baby has a soft spot on the top of her head!"

ENGLAND'S BLUE BOOK.

Facts Made Public that Will Prove of Interest to the General Reader.

There are some interesting facts in the blue-book, just published in England, which contains the evidence given before the select Parliamentary committee on theaters and places of amusement. It appears that the amount of capital invested in music halls in London is £650,650, and in the provinces £770,200. In many cases individual companies have from £100,000 to £130,000 invested in this way. In some of the larger halls 250 performers are employed. At the Alhambra, in London, the weekly salary list amounts to £1,140. The seating capacity of the London music halls is 158,013, whereas the theaters can accommodate only 68,859. The largest London theater is the Britannia, Hoxton, which seats 3,450. Drury Lane has only seats for 2,500. The examiner of stage plays, Mr. Pigott, gave a pretty good account of himself. He testified that among the "scandals" which he has prevented were the "dramatization at a provincial theater of a recent murder while the murderer was actually in the condemned cell awaiting execution; the suppression of a notoriously indecent dance, imported from abroad, which had been rampant on every stage in town and country—in theaters, as in the world at large, bad examples grow and spread like weeds; the proposed representation of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play at a London theater; and the placarding of a town with the title of a sensational drama offensive to the religious feelings of the public." He might also have taken credit for the suppression of Mr. Oscar Wilde. His opinion of Ibsen will be likely to get him into serious trouble with the "realists." He says: "I have studied Ibsen's plays pretty carefully, and all the characters in them appear to me morally deranged. All the heroines are dissatisfied spinsters who look on marriage as a monopoly, or dissatisfied married women in a chronic state of rebellion against not only the conditions which nature has imposed on their sex, but against all the duties and obligations of mothers and wives; and as for the men, they are all rascals or imbeciles."

POTATO LEGENDS.

Queer Stories About Its Introduction Into Russia and England.

When potatoes were first introduced into Russia by a Mr. Rowland (the exact date of the introduction of the tuber into that benighted country being a subject of controversy, but usually set down at 1791) the people would neither plant nor touch them. They declared them to be the devil's fruit, and that when he gave a crop of them to the majesty on his complaint to God that he had no fruit. God told him to "search the earth for food." Whereupon the poor devil fell to digging in the earth and found potatoes growing therein.

A similar legend seems to have obtained credit among the staid Britishers in Berwickshire, England. In that shire the introduction of potatoes is popularly attributed to Sir Michael Scott, once known all over Britain as "The Wizard of the North." According to the story, Michael and the devil formed a copartnership and took the lease of a farm on the Mertown estates, called the "Whitehouse." Michael was to manage the farm; the devil the capital; the produce was to be divided in the following manner:

The first year Michael was to have all that grew above the ground and the devil all that grew beneath the surface. The second year shares were to be divided in just the opposite way. His satanic majesty, strange to say, was badly beaten by the wily Michael, for that sagacious Scottish forefather, sowed all the land to wheat the first year and planted all in potatoes the second. So the poor devil got nothing but stubble and potato tops. How these shared legends originated no one seems to know, but the fact remains that the peasants of both Russia and England even to this day frequently allude to potatoes as "Devil's fruit."

A Thoughtful Child.

Lady—You said you had two cats.

Little Girl—Yes'm; a white one and a black one.

Lady—You have only brought me the black one.

Little Girl—Yes. They is both sheddin' their coats awful, an' I brought the black one 'cause your dress is black.—Good News

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for The Toledo Blade. Copyright 1892.

A POLITICAL JUNO.

A TALE OF LOVE AND POLITICS TO-DAY.

BY W. H. BISHOP.

CHAPTER XVII.

"ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN."

In all this love-making, tentative and direct, Judge Bement was a decided protestant. He did not fancy having his family augmented by such a positive young lady as Lide McElroy, and his dislike for the daughter only intensified the old political animosity against the father. His opposition made it unpleasant and inconvenient that Professor McElroy's love-making should go on in his house, but in driving the lovers to the woods and fields, under the sympathetic protection and assistance of Fred, he was only promoting his son's opportunities for advancing his own suit under the most favorable circumstances.

It angered him greatly that all this was going on utterly regardless of his wishes or consent, and, apparently, the more prosperous in consequence of his opposition. Fred had already taken the first steps in making himself entirely independent of his father's influence, and this was also a rankling thorn in Judge Bement's self-sufficiency. Indeed life was daily taking on for him a more dubious aspect. Foiled in his political ambitions when he thought himself sure of success, it was a disappointment almost as great to him to find his youngest son so little subservient to his wishes.

Stubborn willfulness he would have been prepared for. That he could have readily comprehended, and in the end he would have overcome it. But Fred's quiet determination to live his own life in his own way was a force he was not acquainted with, and could not manage or circumvent. There was no disregard of any filial duty; there was no factious opposition; there was simply the quiet ignoring of any authority, not founded upon right, that conflicted with Fred's purposes.

In this narrowing process in the family affairs, Mrs. Bement came to lean more and more upon her son, and the two were drawn still closer together. There was no need of opposition upon Mrs. Bement's part to any of her husband's plans or desires, for Fred was quite able to fight his own battles without involving his mother in the consequences. Lide McElroy's order of heroism had somehow wrought out a strange result in his character. He was not only upon the watch for some opportunity of proving his heroism to Lide, but the heroism itself had apparently permeated his whole character, and strengthened it in every part. He was a hero, not only in the possession of an abstract heroic purpose, but also in virtue of actual heroic qualities.

In all things not inconsistent with the plan of life he had marked out for himself, Fred was the dutiful and respectful son. He consulted with his father and asked his advice in many things, helped him materially in his office work, and discouraged a transfer of patronage to himself in many cases. Judge Bement took these courtesies with a grain of thankfulness, perhaps, but he was not very zealous in showing his gratitude for them.

After Professor McElroy's engagement to Eunice Graham, Judge Bement was particularly testy and irritable. He often showed Fred by his manner that he thoroughly disapproved of his course in the matter. Fred came into his father's office one morning, after a ride with his aunt and the McElroys, before going to his own.

"Anything new, father?" he asked, in his usual way.

"No!" Judge Bement answered, testily. "It is the same old story—running around with the women when you ought to be attending to business. Do you ever expect to succeed as a lawyer in any such way as that?"

"It is not late yet, father, and business is not very pressing, just now," Fred answered, pleasantly. "If I am not in when my clients call, they can come to the old stand, you know."

But his father was not to be mollified. "When I was a young man," he said, "I always made business the first consideration. If I had any sparkling to do. I did that after dark. What do you propose to do with that McElroy girl, anyway, if you get her? Do you think that you are going to bring her home with you?"

"I do not know that I will be able to bring her anywhere," Fred answered, laughing.

"I think you had better give it up, then. You can not marry her with my consent, and as to bringing her home with you, you needn't make any calculations on that. I won't have her in the house where I am, I can tell you that."

"All right, father. I shall not bring her home. You need not worry on that account. But you must remember that I am of age, and have my own life to live. In a matter of this kind I must be my own judge."

"If you are going to be so mighty independent, perhaps you had better be thinking of a new home yourself. Boys in my day had some regard for their parents' wishes."

"Are you going to turn me out?" Fred asked, pleasantly, preparing to depart. "Remember, I am ready to go any time. Perhaps you would better ask mother about that part of the matter. I am paying my board-bill to her, you know."

As Fred passed on to his own office after leaving his father's, he saw Tom standing in a saloon doorway. His haggard, unkempt appearance struck Fred more forcibly, coming upon him in this public place, than it had ever done before. He suddenly realized that Tom was much further on his downward journey than he had thought, and he had thought much and despairingly on the subject. But nothing of this was revealed in his countenance as he came opposite the unconscious Tom and bid him a pleasant "Good morning."

"Morning, Fred," Tom answered, making a motion to disappear into the saloon. But as Fred showed no inclination to stop, he apparently thought better of it and stood his ground.

Tom Bement's condition was indeed becoming a deplorable one. Little by little the slow death in life had gone on, and the end itself was not far distant. He had lost all hope, and even his Aunt Eunice's efforts had failed to awaken any in him. But, nevertheless, she claimed as much of his time and society as he would give her. She waylaid him when he came down to his late breakfast, and clung to him with a persistence that he found it difficult to break away from. She played croquet with him in the afternoon, and in the evening she often invaded him into giving her his company instead of spending his time in his old haunts. In this way she managed to ward off some of the disgraceful consequences of his passion-thirst, but her influence over him was only a temporary one after all. Away from her he was a hopeless, despairing wretch who read his doom in the handwriting upon the saloon walls, and who scarcely cared whether it came soon or late.

Fred some times heard him pacing the floor of his room and muttering to himself after he had come in front some saloon late at night. One night Fred slipped on his clothes and ventured into his brother's room in the hope that he might in some way be able to help him. But Tom drove him out again without ceremony. Fred caught sight of a revolver lying upon Tom's bureau, in the few moments he was in the room, and worried over it considerably until Tom apparently went to bed and the room was still.

The next day was Sunday, and as Fred was completing his preparations for church, Tom came into his room with a revolver in his hand.

"I am glad that you came in last night, Fred," he said, simply. "I was very nearly out of my head. I wish you would take care of this for me."

Fred took the weapon without a word, and taking a knife from his pocket, removed the cartridges from it, one by one. Then he laid it in the open bureau drawer, which he shut.

"I will take care of it, Tom," he said. "For mother's sake, Tom, never think of anything like that!"

The tears came into Tom's eyes, but he silently turned upon his heel and went out. For his mother's sake only, had he made his strange request!

Neither had Lide McElroy forgotten the poor unfortunate whose life struggle against himself and against society was going so disastrously against him. She met him one day upon the street under circumstances that made it impossible for him to avoid her, and she compelled him to stop. "Tom," she said, "I am just going for a short walk, and I want you to go with me."

"Its no use to ask me, Lide," he said, smiling. "I respectfully decline."

"I do not ask you, Tom. I command you!"

"I am not a hero any more, Lide!" he answered, in a tone of refusal.

"Tom, I beg of you to come," she said, the tears coming into her eyes. "Please do not refuse me!"

"How far are you going?" he asked, relenting. He had never yet refused her anything.

"Only a little ways. Just to get away from the town. Please come."

He turned without a word, and she led him by the nearest way to one of the quiet places that she knew of, and where they were not likely to be interrupted. She chatted with him of pleasant things until they were seated under the shade of a great oak. Then she pleaded with him only as one who really loves another can plead with him for his soul's salvation. But Tom was obdurate. An added year of the power of appetite over him told him that the plea was useless, whatever his answer to her might be, and he was stubbornly resolved not to disappoint her again.

"Tom," she asked at last, "did you ever love any one?"

He looked at her strangely, but evaded her question. "I love my mother now, but that does not make any difference in my drinking."

"I mean did you ever love a woman as men love the women they are ready to die for?"

"I came pretty near it once," he said.

"Tom, why did you not go to her and ask her to help you? She would have done it."

"I didn't believe she would," he answered, looking downward. "I had no business to love her."

"How could you tell, unless you asked her?"

"I wasn't enough of a brute," he said. The tears had been running down his cheeks, but the flow was checked now.

"Tom," she said, blushing deeply, "if you will stop drinking for one year and will find some work to do that will enable you to support a wife, I will marry you."

He looked at her in astonishment. The words "I will" came to his lips, but he did not utter them. Her eyes met his in sympathy, but not in love. "You don't love me, Lide," he said decidedly.

The words she had once quoted to Fred occurred to her: "Greater love hath no man shown than this, that he will lay down his life for his friend!" she repeated to him.

"You are only a friend to me. I could not let you do it. Anyway, I am not quite such a brute as that."

"What does it matter whether I love you or not, Tom? You have my word, and my word is good."

He was silent a moment while the battle went on within him. But it was quickly decided.

"I have spoiled lives enough," he said. "I am not going to spoil yours—and Fred's."

"Fred has nothing to do with it!" she said quickly, and yet blushing a little.

"I won't risk it," he answered her. "But if I could lay down my life for you, Lide, I would do it quick enough. It isn't worth much. I could do that easy. But I cannot do the other thing. The poison is in me, in my heart and brain and will, and in everything about me. An angel from heaven could not save me. I should only be bringing misery upon you, and I will not do that."

"I did not think that you would refuse me in that unfallant way, Tom," she said, after a little. "It is the first time I was ever rejected! Shall we go home?" She smiled as she spoke, and was pleasant and cheerful during their walk homeward, but her heart was bleeding for the doomed man at her side, whom even the hope of her love could not save.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VISION OF LOST SOULS.

While these days, fraught with weal or woe for many in Daleboro were passing, the great political cauldron in Ohio was just beginning to boil and bubble with unusual vigor. William McKinley, jr., gerrymandered ex-member of Congress, world-renowned champion of protection, the one whose name and work had, somehow, gotten into a tangle, and who was known in foreign lands as "McKinley Bill," was candidate for governor of the state, and was coming to Daleboro for an immense mass meeting in the open air. Upon the day he was to speak the town was crowded with country patriots and sightseers in expectation of his arrival, and the political excitement ran unusually high for such a quiet place.

Miss Graham, having sent her resignation to the college faculty at Wellsden, had been conscientiously content to linger for a few weeks of love-incited bliss before she went East to prepare for the wedding day. This had been set for a time in the future, remote enough to discredit the charge that she had herself been a-courting rather assiduously, under the protection and patronage of her nephew Fred. But as this was clearly justifiable, under the peculiar circumstances, delaying the wedding day upon that account seemed hardly necessary.

With an unusually strong desire to look upon famous personages and to place their photographs in her mental picture-gallery, Miss Graham was anxious to obtain a near view, and possibly an introduction to this world-renowned man. Fred, too, was curious upon his own account, and was very glad to go with his aunt as her escort. The two took up a position near the private entrance of the hotel, where, it was said, the major would alight. There was quite a crowd already assembled, and Fred persuaded his aunt to climb upon a convenient buttress, where she could overlook the others and thus obtain a better view.

She had been in the position but a moment when she became conscious that the gaze of some one in her rear was fixed upon her. Turning suddenly, she found that the buttress upon which she was standing elevated her above the curtain that covered the lower part of the window behind her, and that she was looking into the bar-room of the hotel. The vision she saw immediately became indelibly impressed upon her consciousness with an intensity that seemed to burn into her very soul.

Tom, surrounded by his drinking companions, stood not six feet away from her, and there was a look upon his countenance that she had never fully comprehended until that moment. There were others in the little group almost as far gone as Tom himself, but she only gave them a cursory glance. It was Tom's face, with its look of despairing hopelessness, that entranced her. Tears stood at the corners of his eyes, and the hectic flush upon his cheeks only made the vacuous light in the eyes themselves the more ghastly. With that prescience that does not always upon the senses, she saw in that countenance what others, perhaps, might not have seen or comprehended. The form of the man was there before her, but the man himself was disappearing from human ken! The mind was still in existence, and the eyes that looked out upon her were human eyes, and yet as she looked through those windows of life she was dimly conscious that she was witnessing the death agonies of a human soul!

The sight would have affected her strongly in case, but the thought that it was her own nephew whose deeply significant soul-death she was witnessing, came upon her like a blow. She had to brace herself against the window sill with one hand, while she held out the other toward him. "Tom," she cried in a whisper, as if she would rescue him. But Tom shook his head. It was already too late! It was as if an angel of light had beckoned to him from beyond the impassable gulf, but even angels could not rescue him now. The influence of modern drinking customs had set their mark upon him. He was lost! As completely lost as if his doom had been fixed by federal statute and its authority ran to the farthest limit of eternity!

Fred from his lower position, knew nothing of this mental photographing and soon-reading that was going on above him. He saw the short, deep-browed man alight from the carriage and disappear within the doorway, and then locked up to see if his aunt was satisfied. But she was just turning from the window behind her with a countenance that clearly revealed her mental anguish.

"What is the matter, aunt?" Fred asked. "Did you see Maj. McKinley?"

"No, and I do not care whether I see him or not. Help me down, Fred. I have seen a sight that I shall never forget, day or night, as long as I live!"

Fred helped her down and then looked into her face in real concern. He could not understand her at all. "What is it?" he asked.

"It was Tom. Poor Tom is forever lost!"

Looking up to the window above him, Fred comprehended the whole matter. "Was Tom in there?" he inquired. "It is too bad! I am afraid that it is really too late to help him."

They were both silent for a moment, but Fred's mind was filled with the idea of meeting Maj. McKinley. He had not seen the startling picture, "The Lost Soul." "Will you go up stairs?" he asked. "They say that the major is receiving up there."

"Let us go, then," she answered. "Anywhere away from here. I cannot get Tom out of my head. I never realized it so before. I thought that, by and bye, we might all of us, save him. But it will be too late then. It is too late now!"

They found the hotel parlor thronged with people, but readily obtained admission, the Daleboro visitors courteously giving away to them. Lide and her father were both in the room, and when Lide saw Miss Graham she immediately came forward to

OUR REPUBLICAN WOMEN

MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER'S IDEA.

The Women's Republican Association and What It Does—Mothers, Wives and Sweethearts to Protect American Homes.

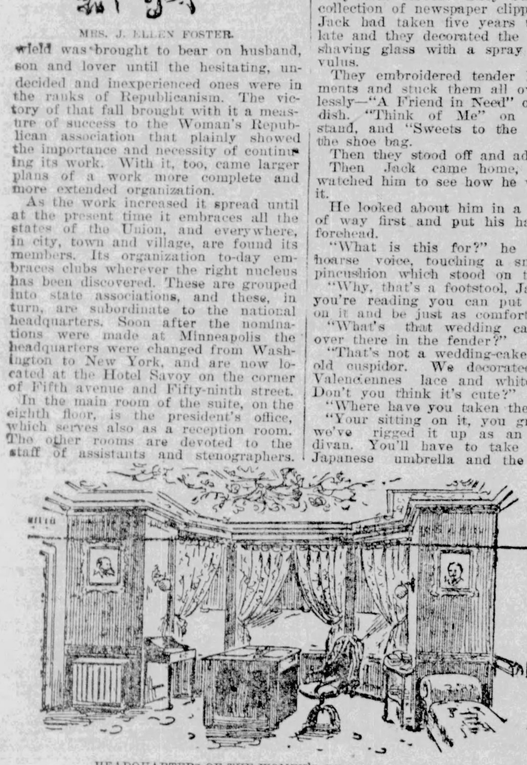
Four years ago the plan of a woman too much interested in the welfare of the Republican party to view the defection to the Prohibitionists with inaction and concern was presented to the national committee, and, with its approval, put into practice. The time was short, but the work accomplished was almost incredible. In many sections of the country the women were aroused into becoming missionaries for the good cause.

Such influence as only women can wield was brought to bear on husband, son and lover until the hesitating, undecided and inexperienced ones were in the ranks of Republicanism. The victory of that fall brought with it a measure of success to the Woman's Republican association that plainly showed the importance and necessity of continuing its work. With it, too, came larger plans of a work more complete and more extended organization.

MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER.

As the work increased it spread until at the present time it embraces all the states of the Union, and everywhere, in city, town and village, are found its members. Its organization to-day embraces clubs wherever the right nucleus has been discovered. These are grouped into state associations, and these, in turn, are subordinate to the national headquarters. Soon after the nominations were made at Minneapolis the headquarters were changed from Washington to New York, and are now located at the Hotel Savoy on the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street.

In the main room of the suite, on the eighth floor, is the president's office, which serves also as a reception room. The other rooms are devoted to the staff of assistants and stenographers.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE WOMEN'S REPUBLICAN ASSOCIATION.

One room has been set apart for the press.

Work is now fairly under way, and from early morning until evening the correspondence and detail work goes on briskly and without interruption. All is done under the supervision of the president, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, the founder of the association, to whom all its success is due. To her successes as a lawyer, an advocate of woman's rights and temperance, she has added another that will overtop and overshadow all.

Mrs. Foster's success was publicly recognized and acknowledged at Minneapolis during the late national convention. On the motion of Hon. Warner Miller, Chairman McKinley introduced her, and her speech to the delegates was most enthusiastically received. Since that time she has had the full support of the national committee in her work, and the greatest harmony prevails between the two bodies.

Mrs. Thomas W. Chace, of Rhode Island, the secretary of the association, is the wife of Gen. Chace, so well known as an ardent Republican and eminent Christian gentleman and business man of the city of Providence. His sympathies are heartily with the plan of enlisting the co-operation of the women of the country in political work. Mrs. Chace is a leading woman in social circles, gentle and refined, not a public speaker, or in the ordinary sense a public worker, but she is an able writer and logical thinker, and freely gives her time and influence to the service of her country.

Acting as general business manager, and being in charge of the correspondence, Mrs. Ovington is no inconsiderable factor in the success of the organization. She is a woman of gentle voice and pleasing address, with clustering, soft gray curls about a face which gives evidence of the careful thoughtfulness of her work. She is from Clinton, Iowa, which is also Mrs. Foster's old home.

Mrs. Frances H. Howard was selected as chief of the Literary Bureau because of wide general experience in journalism. Mrs. Foster's attention was called to her some time ago by a vigorous article of timely interest, and an acquaintance thus begun was renewed in Washington, from whence she comes to her place in this work. Mrs. Foster has a rare faculty of selecting her assistants and of fusing their several abilities into a unanimous working force that pushes all work without hindrance or friction.

The following Mrs. Foster gives as the principal means of making the local societies a success:

First—Secure names and addresses of Republican women and organize them into associations.

Second—Hold parlor and public meetings semi-monthly or oftener for the study and discussion of Republican doctrines in legislation and in the administration of the government.

Third—Give luncheons, teas or banquets where political questions may be socially considered.

Fourth—Circulate Republican literature and newspapers in the homes of the people.

Fifth—Procure—by payment or otherwise—the publication of Republican matter in local country newspapers.

Sixth—Impress "first voters" with the importance of beginning right and influence each young man to take his place in the ranks of the Republican party, which is the party of progress and reform.

Seventh—Use all honorable means to induce voters to be faithful to their political obligations, and to be at the polls on election day.

Eighth—Co-operate whenever practicable with Republican organizations in party work.

Correspond freely with the officers of the state association to which the local association is auxiliary or with the officers of the national association.

Documents issued by the association and general Republican literature may be secured by addressing the association at headquarters.

ROOFING IRON OR STEEL

CORRUGATED—"V" CRIMP—STANDING SEAM and other styles for Roofing, Siding and Ceiling. Write for prices. THE CINCINNATI CORRUGATING CO., PIQUA, O.

THEY SURPRISED HIM.

When Jack Was Away the Girls Fixed Up His Room Lovely.

Away on his vacation was Jack, and while he was gone the dear girls thought it would be a perfectly sweet idea to fix up his room. It was a rather demoralized looking apartment from a feminine point of view, but regarded through masculine orbs it was just about right and perfectly comfortable.

But the girls wanted to surprise brother Jack.

So they invaded the sanctum one day and transformed it. They threw out the collection of old pipes on the mantel and turned Pauline Hall's picture to the wall. They gave Jack's old slippers to the janitor, and tied pale blue cushions on his leather chair. They painted forget-me-nots on his boxing gloves, and put a drapery of flowered chintz over the collection of photographs which adorned his cabinet. They tied bows on everything, from the coal scuttle to the picture nails, and hung spiky ornaments on the gas jets with baby blue ribbon. They burned up a collection of newspaper clippings which Jack had taken five years to accumulate and they decorated the face of his shaving glass with a spray of convolvulus.

They embroidered tender little sentiments and stuck them all over regardlessly—"A Friend in Need" on the soap dish, "Think of Me" on the liquor stand, and "Sweets to the Sweet" on the shoe bag.

Then they stood off and admired it.

Then Jack came home, and they watched him to see how he would take it.

He looked about him in a dazed sort of way first and put his hand to his forehead.

"What is this for?" he said in a hoarse voice, touching a small fluffy concoction which stood on the floor.

"Why, that's a footstool, Jack. When you're reading you can put your feet on it and be just as comfortable!"

"What's that wedding cake doing over there in the fender?"

"That's not a wedding-cake, it's your old cuspidor. We decorated it with Valenciennes lace and white ribbon. Don't you think it's cute?"

"Where have you taken the bed?"

"Your sitting on it, you great goose; we've rigged it up as an Oriental divan. You'll have to take down the Japanese umbrella and the lanterns

THEY TIED BOWS ON EVERYTHING.

gling collection of blue snakes over the bed?"

"That's an illuminated motto. Can't you read it?"

"No, blessed if I can. What is it?"

"Why, it's just as plain as day—'God Bless This Flat.' It will hang right over your head every night!"

Then the strong man buried his head in an old rose cushion with Nile green bows and wept like a boy.—N. Y. Herald.

THE END OF CHILDHOOD.

I sped down a green lane with eager feet
When day was young, a sweet joy at my side,
On either hand the fields of yellow wheat
Spread shimmering far and wide,

And Joy and I made merry company;
From out the wheat we plucked the poppies red
And decked us in their growing bravery,
Till Joy unto me said—

"The way by which we came is very long;
We started when each bird was in its nest,
And now the air is full of flight and song;
Do let us stop and rest."

The way we traveled came here to a stile
Set like a tomb—a single broad gray stone,
I said, "Do you sit here and rest awhile;
I will go on alone."

I passed and left him sitting quietly,
Cheek upon hand in that green shady place;
Nor turned athwart my shoulder back to see
Again his pleasant face.

But, as upon my way I fared alone,
My thoughts grew somber and I missed the boy,
And hurried back, to find upon the stone
Engraved, "Here Lieth Joy."

And while I gazed upon the words aghast,
Pale Pain and Care came up and said to me:
"Thou needst not walk alone, for to the last
We two will go with thee."

—New England Magazine.

A strong, healthy woman instead of a tired and ailing one! Sounds like a miracle, doesn't it? But it isn't. It's only the ordinary, every-day work of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—just the work that it was made for.

It's a woman's medicine, carefully compounded for her by an experienced physician, and adapted to her delicate organization. It makes weak women strong, suffering women well. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and bracing nervine, and a certain cure for all the functional derangements, painful disorders or chronic weaknesses peculiar to the sex. For ulceration, displacements, bearing-down sensations, "female complaints" of every kind, it's a never-failing remedy.

And, among all the medicines that claim to help women, "Favorite Prescription" is the *only* one that's *guaranteed* to do what is promised for it. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in any case, you have your money back.

Is something else, that may pay the dealer better, likely to be "just as good" for you?

Will Meet at Delphos.

Findlay, O., Sept. 9.—(Special.)—The survivors of the 99th regiment, O. V. V. I., who have been holding their annual reunion in this city for the past two days, completed the work of the session by holding a business meeting at which Delphos was selected as the place for holding the next annual reunion.

Conclusive Evidence.

"How do you know that it was a man that wrote this novel?"

Helen—"Because the story takes you over a space of ten years, and the heroine never changes her dress but once."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade Book Table.

"The Doings of Raffles Haw," by A Conan Doyle, author of "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," etc., is published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York City. The wonders of Monte Cristo and of Aladdin's Lamp pale before the "Doings of Raffles Haw." The hero of the story, Raffles Haw, accidentally discovers how gold may be made from the baser metals by the action of electricity. He manufactures four billions of dollars weekly, and by means of this fabulous wealth is enabled to test the wonders which may be accomplished by that mysterious agent, electricity. His house is filled with marvelous contrivances, disclosed by the to ching of different buttons. The sequel proves how soon ambition is lost, and dependence generated where aid is given lavishly. Unlimited wealth is shown to be no blessing.

"Inconsequent Lives," by J. H. Pearce, is issued in pamphlet form by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York City. It is a story of fisher folk, and if it be true to nature, then it is nature in its coarsest and most brutal form. There is not enough of kindness in the book to lighten in the least the cruelty described.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, comes "Paganism surviving in Christianity," by Rev. Abram Herbert Lewis, the author of several critical works concerning the keeping of the Sabbath, and the history of Sunday legislation. The object of the present volume is to show the effect of the Pagan system of religion, which antedated Christ, upon the Christian religion.

The same publishers issue "Primitive Man in Ohio," by Warren K. Moorehead, an author who is already known by his work upon "Fort Ancient and the Great Pre-historic Earthwork of Ohio." This handsome volume gives the results of the careful explorations into the mounds found in Ohio, the builders of which have been supposed to be a race far in advance of the Indians in refinement and civilization.

"Of the World, Worldly" is published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 47 East Tenth street, New York city. The author is Mrs. Forrester, some of whose former books are "Diana Carew;" "Fair Women;" "My Lord and My Lady," etc. The story is a very well-written one of a most worldly woman whose beauty and tact give her great power over all with whom she comes in contact.

Harper Brothers, New York city, issue "Three Feathers," by William Black. This is a new and revised edition of one of the earlier stories of this popular writer, and a very pretty and most pleasantly written tale it is, without the prolixity of some of the later ones.

From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York city, comes a work entitled "Equitable Taxation." The volume is made up of six essays written in answer to the question "What, if any, changes in existing plans are necessary to secure an equitable distribution of the burden of taxation for the support of national, state and municipal governments?" by as many well-known writers. They were written in competition for prizes offered by the publishers of "Public Opinion."

"Pebbles and Pearls" is a beautiful little book which contains sketches of the life work of Mrs. Agnes L. d'Arcambal in the interests of prisoners by E. Cora Depuy, the author of "A Christmas Eve;" "A New Year's Dinner;" "The News Boy," etc. It is published by The Review and Herald Publishing company, Battle Creek, Mich.

A sensational story is "Actaeon," by Laura Daintrey, published by Hovenden Co., 19 Waverly Place, New York city. It is of the character of other books by this author, who claims to endeavor to expose abuses, and thus reform society.

THE SEPTEMBER SKY.

The Notable Features Are the Harvest Moon and Mars.

Mars continues to be the chief attraction of the ecening sky. It is the only planet which now figures in the role of an evening star except Saturn, and this orb is too near the sun at present, and sets too early to be readily distinguished. Saturn sets with the sun on September 25, and becomes a morning star. It will not be seen again in the eveuing sky in 1892. Mercury passed over to the west side of the sun on Aug. 25, and will be a morning star until October. Mars is coming into better position for observation than it was when it reached its opposition early in August. It is getting higher and higher in declination, being farther from the southern horizon when it culminates than it was a few weeks ago. Unfortunately, though, it is receding from the earth, and is losing some of its lustre, but the change is not great enough to be noticed by the casual observer. It will, throughout the month of September, be the most splendid object in the evening sky. Two months hence, however, its brilliancy will pale before the rising beauties of Jupiter. In the beginning of September Mars will be well above the horizon in the southeast at sunset, and at the end of the month it will be much farther west at the same hour. Its setting time was 2:20 o'clock in the morning at the opening of the month, and will be about half an hour after midnight at the month's close.

In the near future the post of honor among the stars of the evening will belong to Jupiter. When September began the giant planet rose a few minutes after 8 o'clock, or less than two hours after sunset. It will be high enough above the horizon at thta time to be plainly seen before 9 o'clock. A little north of the easterly point it makes its appearance. Therefore when it culminates it will will not be far from the zenith, and during its entire stay above the horizon it will be seen under especially favorable conditions. Technically it is not yet an evening star, but on October 12, when it will be at its opposition, rising at the time the sun sets, it will reach this distinction. From that time onward until the end of the year Jupiter will be the grandest object which will come into the field of vision in the firmament before midnight.

Venus is still a morning star, and will remain in this condition until next year. It may now be seen just before 2 o'clock in the morning in the east, shining with a splendor compared with which every other orb in that part of the firmament is dim.

At 9 o'clock in the nights of the early part of September, Arcturus, of the constellation of the Bear Keeper, will be seen in the west, nearer the horizon than the zenith. At the same hour Vega, of the Lyre, is nearer the zenith but a little west of that point. East and north of Vega is Deneb, of the Swan. In the south is Antares, of the Scorpion, and in the southeast is Altair, of the Eagle. Up in the northeast Capella, of the Charioteer, is just coming into view. These are all first magnitude stars, except Deneb, which belongs to the second magnitude. Low in the southeast at this time a lone twinkler, partly obscured by the vapors of the horizon, may be seen in a patch of sky remarkably free from any other bright orbs. This is Fomalhaut, the leading brilliant in the Southern Fish. Mars, of course, will be recognized by all star gazers by this time. Fomalhaut is to the east and south of Mars. Jupiter, at 9 o'clock in the evening in the early days of September, will be conspicuous in the east, not far from the horizon.

Different Circumstances.

Tommy—Said you could lick me with one hand tied behind you, didn't you? Let's see you do it!

Jimmy—Y'yes, I guess I did say so; but I ain't got one hand tied behind me just now.—Indianapolis Journal.

Further Use for It.

He—Don't you intend to give me back that ring I gave you last summer?

She (firmly)—No, sir.

He (desperately)—Well, will you let me borrow it for a few months?—N. Y. Herald.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest, and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Foreign Exchange.

E. C. G., Fremont, O.: There is no mystery whatever about foreign exchange. The paper money of one country is not current in another. The only international metal is gold. Suppose that A, in New York, sends a cargo of 50,000 bushels of wheat from New York to Liverpool, worth $40,000. Suppose B, an importer at New York, buys in Sultaire, England, $40,000 of plush goods for importation. If there were no foreign exchange, the Liverpool man would have to ship $40,000 in gold to A to pay for the wheat, and B ship $40,000 in gold to pay for the plushes. There would be freight and insurance to pay on each. But B goes to a New York bank and buys a bill of exchange (the same thing as a draft, such as you buy at your home bank) on a London bank, and sends it by mail to pay for the plush. The Liverpool wheat buyer buys a bill of exchange on New York and sends it to pay for the wheat. If the two transactions take place through the same London and New York banks, the two bills pay each other.

There are a number of banks in New York which do an exchange business, each having an account with some London bank. Shipments of our exports are paid in exchange. The English buyer goes to the London bank, or the bank in his city which does business with it, and buys a bill of exchange on New York to pay for what he buys. The American seller takes this to the bank and gets his money for it. The American importer does the same thing in New York, sending a bill of exchange on London to pay for his imports, which the Englishman takes to the bank and gets his money.

The rate of exchange between England and America is nominally fixed by comparison of the amount of gold in our gold dollar with the amount of gold in the English sovereign, or pound. The pound is thus found to be nominally $4.86 and a fraction. But if the New York bank has but a small amount in the London bank to its credit, the rate of exchange is high, for the bank does not desire to exhaust its balance. If its account there is large, the rate goes down, of course. When the rate gets up to the point at which it is cheaper to pay freight and ship gold instead of buying exchange, gold is sent instead. These gold shipments mean a high rate of exchange, which in turn means that there is but little money, if any, to the credit of the American banks in London. The rate of exchange is not reckoned by a per cent, but is added to the figures expressing the value of the pound sterling in cents of our money. When sterling exchange reaches 488 and a fraction, gold shipments become possible.

Tecumseh.

V. T. D., Winfield, Kan.: Tecumseh (sometimes spelled, but incorrectly, Tecumtha), was a Shawnee chief, born near the site of Springfield, O., about 1768. His father, Puckeshinwa (or Pukeeshenoi), fell in battle when his son was a child. In the campaign that ended in the Treaty of Greenville, he was a bold and active warrior. About 1805, with his brother, Eliskwatawa, the "prophet," he attempted to organize all the Western tribes against the whites. Their efforts were aided by British emissaries. They visited the tribes from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. In August, 1810, by invitation of Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison, then governor of the Northwest Territory, Tecumseh, with 400 fully armed warriors, met him at Vincennes, Indiana. Tecumseh demanded the return of the lands obtained from the Indians by treaty, on the ground that they belonged to all the Indians in common, and not to the individual tribes. His manner was so threatening, that the conference had no result. The battle of Tippecanoe, in 1811, ruined his plans. He, however, went South, and fomented the Creek rebellion, though he had returned to Detroit before they made their outbreak. He now joined the British, and commanded their Indian allies in the campaign of 1812-13. He was at the the massacre of the River Raisin, and after being wounded at Maguaga, was made a brigadier general in the British service. He led 2,000 Indians in the siege of Fort Meigs. He commanded the British right wing at the battle of the Thames, where he was killed. It was claimed that Col. Richard M. Johnson killed him, but this was disputed, and the fact has never been satisfactorily settled.

Finance Queries.

A. T., Morgantown, Ky.: The statement you send as to England's land holdings is utterly and entirely wrong. The trouble in England is her system of land laws, and to make these intelligible would require a historic sketch covering two or three columns of The Blade, which we have not time to write nor room to print; besides, it would be of no value to the campaign, one way or the other. The real reason of the absorbing of land into large holdings is, first, the land laws; second, the fact that, since free trade was adopted in 1849, farming has not been profitable in England. Land there is cheaper than in the older settled states of this country.

The statement that "no country had paper money to depreciate when it was made a full legal tender," is simply a lie. The truth is that no country ever tried a paper currency but had it depreciate as soon as it became too abundant. The fact that paper is redeemable in coin—gold or silver—is the only thing that gives it value. What would a note of hand for ten dollars, given you by your neighbor, be worth, if it was understood that it was only redeemable in a similar note given by somebody else—and that this was only redeemable in the same way? The only things that make you willing to take a note are first, that you know it will be redeemed in money; second, that it will be redeemed when due.

A Free Trade Fallacy.

V. S. G., Upchurch, Tenn., asks: "Give approximately the number of persons employed by protected manufactories or industries in the United States, and average price paid per head."

All workingmen in the United States, including farm workers, are "protected." That is a free trade fallacy that only persons are protected who work in factories and mills. A carpenter is fully protected, for example, because houses ready built are not imported. A man working in a quarry of Tennessee marble is protected, because you cannot import marble as cheaply as it can be quarried. The freight would cost more than the marble would be worth. You can follow this line of reasoning out in every line, and you will thus see that all workingmen in the United States are protected.

As to wages, protection has operated to steadily advance them. This is not only in mills and factories, but in every line of occupation. The wages of a house-carpenter here, for example, are proportionally as much higher than the wages of an English house-carpenter, as the wages of an American iron-worker are higher than those of an English iron-worker. For full discussion of this point, see an editorial article, entitled "Some Tariff Facts," on 4th page of this issue of the Weekly Blade (September 15.)

The Minneapolis Convention.

W. A. R., Salem, Ore., asks: "Is the statement in the Voice concerning the Republican convention at Minneapolis, Minn., correct?"

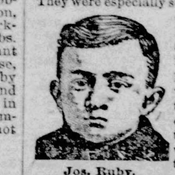
Certainly not. You should know, by this time, that paper has no standing whatever among reputable newspapers as to facts regarding political events. You should, if you look over the party newspapers of the country, that they pay no attention to anything it may say of a partisan nature. The writer has attended many national conventions, was at both Minneapolis and Chicago this year, and can deny truthfully the insinuations of that paper. There was plenty of drinking there, but not more than at a national encampment of the Grand Army, or a state fair, or exposition, or any gathering which attracts thousands of sight-seers. The drinking at Minneapolis was not among delegates, nor leading Republicans; it was among the thousands of men who gathered from all over the Northwest to see the convention.

The Aleutian Islands.

F. S. C., Carlton, Ore.: The Aleutian group is a chain of about 150 islands, extending southwest from the extremity of Alaska peninsula, forming the southern boundary of Behring Sea. They belong to the United States, and were part of the Alaska purchase. There are five groups—the Komandorski islands, the Sasignan islands, the Rat islands, the Andreianowski islands, and the Fox islands, among which is Unimak, the largest island in the Aleutians. They are all craggy and desolate, with evidences of volcanic action. Several volcanoes are among them. The islands abound in springs, and the animals are foxes, wild dogs and reindeer. The natives numbered only 1,800 in 1880. They are low savages, called Aleuts, living by hunting and fishing. The climate is cold. They will never be valuable for agricultural purposes.

Large as a Dollar

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would crack open and the blood start. Physicians did not cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores began to heal up; the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles of



Jos. Ruby.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

he was entirely free from sores," HARRY K. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Penn.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, 25c.

Miscellaneous.

K. L. M., Glenmore, Ga.: We do not know.

J. J. W., St. John, Kan.: We have not the figures you ask for.

I. B., Reidsville, Ga.: We have not the figures. Address a letter of inquiry to "Chief of Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C."

A. F. M., Breckenridge, Mo.: For information about contracts for carrying mails, address "Second Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C."

K. M. W., Davis, W. Va.: Get some groceryman or storekeeper to give you the address of some dealer in leaf tobacco in Wheeling, or Cincinnati, or Louisville, or Richmond, or Lynchburg.

"Brooklyn," Brooklyn, N. Y.: Better address some editor in Salt Lake City. By going to any newspaper office in your city you can see a newspaper directory, which will give the names of the papers there.

O. J., Peoria, O.: You will find on 2d page, top of 3d column, of Weekly Blade, of September 8, under the heading, "Cut This Out," the only way in which cholera can enter the system, and the precautions necessary to prevent this.

"Inquirer," Toledo, O.: A. M. Kieley was appointed Minister to Austria by Cleveland, but the Austrian minister notified our government that Mr. Kieley was a "persona non grata" to his government. Consequently Mr. Kieley retired, and the place was left vacant until President Harrison filled it by the appointment of Frederick D. Grant.

J. C., sr., Oxford, O.: The District of Columbia is controlled by commissioners, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Those commissioners have no power to stop the liquor traffic in the District without an act of Congress, prohibiting the sale within the District. So the "speaker" simply lied by telling only part of the truth, and merits the contempt of all decent men.

Subscriber, River Styx, O.: For information regarding climate, land, etc., in Washington, addres "Hon. W. T. Forrest, Land Commissioner, Olympia, Washington." For information about government land in that state, address "Register U. S. Land office," at either North Yakima, Olympia, Seattle, Spokane Falls, Vancouver, Walla Walla or Waterville. There are over 5,000,000 acres vacant public land in that state, surveyed and open to homesteading, besides nearly 15,000,000 acres yet unsurveyed.

"Tired All the Time."

Is the complaint of many poor mortals, who know not where to find relief. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses just those elements or strength which you so earnestly crave, it will build you up, give you an appetite, strengthen your stomach and nerves. Try it.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

BY RAIL TO CENTAURI.

That Is the Nearest Star, and It Would Take Too Long.

In a recent lecture on "Fixed Stars," Dr. David Gill wanted to give an illustration of the distance to Centauri. This is what he said:

"We shall suppose that some wealthy directors, for want of outlet for their energy and capital, construct a railway to Centauri. We shall neglect, for the present, the engineering difficulties—a mere detail—and suppose them overcome and the railway open for traffic. We shall go further, and suppose that the directors have found the construction of such a railway to have been peculiarly easy, and the proprietors of interstellar space had not been exhorbitant in their terms of right way. Therefore, with a view to encourage traffic, the directors had made the fare exceedingly moderate, viz., first-class at 2 cents per 100 miles," says the Boston Globe.

"Desiring to take advantages of these facilities, a gentleman, by way of providing himself with small change for the journey, buys up the national debt of England and a few other countries, and, presenting himself at the office, demands a first-class single to Centauri. For this he tenders in payment the scrip of the national debt of England, which just covers the cost of his ticket; but at this time the national debt from little wars had been run up from $3,500,000,000 to $5,500,000,000. Having taken his seat, it occurred to him to ask, 'At what rate do you travel?'

"'Sixty miles an hour, sir, including stoppages,' is the answer.

"'Then when shall we reach Centauri?'

"'In 48,633,000 years, sir.'"

THE BELLS OF COLOGNE.

Their Joyful Peals Ring Loudly of Peace Among the Germans.

"The Cologne cathedral bells whose mighty melodies can be heard so far, number also among them the largest in Europe, and the great Kaiser-glocke, 27 tons in weight, was cast from 22 bronze cannon taken in the Franco-Prussian war," says Elizabeth Bisland in the Cosmopolitan.

"It strikes the note D—28 men being required to make the monster give tongue—and, Speciosa, Pretiosa, the Magi's bell, and the bell of St. Ursula, run through the gamut of G, A, B, C. Four of them were hung in 1447. The last one was added in 1872. They were rung for hours and hours in joyous peals when on the 14th day of August, 1880, the last block was raised and put in its place upon the building—just 632 years to the day from the laying of the foundation stone.

"And again, on the 15th of October of that year, when Emperor William I., his queen and family surrounded by the greatest nobles and dignitaries of the realm, amid the roar of cannon and the voices of bells, the city gay with flags and flowers and triumphial arches, and singing with German cheers, announced the great work completed—the sign and seal set upon German unity and peace.

The Hottest Place.

Death Valley, in California, is the hottest region on earth.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Indigestion in Horse.

Mr. L. D., Nebraska: Your horse is suffering from indigestion, a fruitful source of which is irregularity in feeding. There should be punctuality in feeding at meal times. At times it is the result of kidney disease, or heart trouble. It will also occur when a horse has defective or irregular teeth, which prevents him from properly masticating his food. For treatment begin by giving 8 ozs. of raw linseed oil and 1 oz. of pulverized saltpetre; omit a day and repeat the dose. Follow this with bicarbonate of soda 1-2 oz.; powdered gentian, 1-2 oz.; powdered nux vomica, 15 grains. This is for one dose twice daily for four days. Then give before feeding each time, 2 drachms of bi-carbonate of soda, and after the horse has eaten his meal, 2 drachms of dilute nitro-muriatic acid in half a bucketful of water. Continue this for eight days. You must give feed at regular intervals. Do not vary, if possible, ten minutes. The diet should be of the most nutritious kind, and moderate in quantity. Careful grooming is necessary. It requires patience to overcome a long-standing case of indigestion, and when the kidneys are involved, a cure is not at all times certains.

Bad Milk Fever.

Subscriber, Kalkaska county, Mich.: If your cow has recovered from the attack of milk fever, to cause a return of the milk, give nourishing and abundant food. If you can get leaves of the castor oil plant, make a large poultice of the leaves of the plant, chopped fine, and bran, in equal proportions, and upply warm to the udder. If you can not get the leaves, apply a bran poultice. After this rub the udder with sweet oil, with the hand, with gentle friction. Give the cow black sulphuret of antimony, 2 ozs.; powdered fennel seed, 4 ozs.; common salt, 4 ozs. Mix well, and give one-quarter of this in her food twice a day.

Too Much Green Corn.

T., Virginia: Your horse which was given an overfeed of green corn, cut up grain and cob, died of flatulent colic. The corn underwent fermentation. The treatment in such case is: Oil the hand and insert it up the rectum, and clean out the gut as far as the arm will reach. Then throw up a full injection of soapsuds and oil of turpentine. As quickly as possible, give internally: Solution of ammonia, 1-2 oz.; oil of turpentine, 1 oz.; linseed oil, 1-2 pt. No food or water should be given until the danger point is past.

Disease in Lambs.

L. B. H., Ohio: The fact that the lambs alone seem to be affected by the disease of which you speak would indicate a disease known as hoose, a complaint common in this state. It is frequently very fatal. It is caused by a parasite called strongylus, a worm similar to the gape worms in chickens. It inhabits the breathing tubes, as well as the bowels. The disease is more prevalent in damp situations or on grounds subject to overflow, and on which rank grass grows. In sheep they are found mostly in the bronchial tubes; in lambs, they inhabit the lungs. They are not active in the lungs of sheep at all times. When lodged in the bowels, dysentery or "scouring" results. When in the lungs they cause irritation and inflammation. Mr. Stewart says the lambs should not be allowed to follow sheep upon the same pasture, nor to pasture upon meadows that have been top-dressed with manure from the sheep stable or yards. No medicine can reach the lungs. The author named says the treatment is to administer the following: Linseed oil, 1-2 oz.; spirits of turpentine, 1-2 dr.; asafoetida, 20 grs.; to be given early in the morning for three successive days, before feeding or turning to pasture, and no feed to be given for three hours afterward. Afterward the following should be given daily: Molasses, or honey, 1 lb.; flowers of sulphur, 4 ozs.; give one tablespoonful every morning for ten days. Almost any other disease than the one named would manifest itself in the grown animals.

Lame Mule.

M. R. W., California: The editor regrets that he can not say positively at what place the cause of the lameness in your mule is located. It is a most difficult matter at times to tell just where the pain is, even upon close personal examination. The foot brought down toe first indicates side-bone, sprain of back sinews, sprain of suspensory ligament, navicular disease, or shoulder lameness. This will give you an idea where to examine for the seat of the lameness. Place your hand on the coronet of the foot. If there is heat, it is navicular disease. In this trouble the heel is seen to be, as well as the hoof, more or less contracted. If the ligaments are injured, there will be an unnatural warmth. Shoulder lameness in either horse or mule is of rare occurrence, as compared with leg or foot. The editor advises you to particularly examine for corns. In nine cases out of ten lameness in the foreleg may be traceable to corns. If there is a corn, you will find it by examining the sensitive sole, in the triangular space between the bars and the wall, at the heel. Corns are almost always found in the inside heel. If you can locate the seat of the trouble, the editor will tell you what treatment is necessary. Thanks for your compliment of The Blade.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Do Not Kill the Skunks.

The Rural New Yorker says: For the past few years one of the best farming districts of Scotland has been devastated by a scourge of mice. These little pests have so completely gnawed the blades and roots of the grass that sheep and cattle have no food, and must be driven to other districts, leaving the mice in full possession of the farms. The trouble became so serious that a special agricultural commission was appointed to learn why and how the scourge came about. Every witness who testified said that the chief reason why the mice became so numerous was because the birds of prey, like eagles, hawks and owls, and animals, like weasels, skunks, etc., had been killed off. The natural enemies of the mice were killed, and so the mice prospered. It is an even question if we do not often make enemies of our friends—that is, if we do not hunt down animals that as a whole do us more good than harm. Take the skunk as an example. It has been nearly exterminated, and yet we believe it has done the farmer far more good than harm, and that agriculture would be better off if for a year or two skunks were propagated instead of slaughtered.

How to Measure Hay.

Quite an amount of hay is sold by one farmer to another, and in such cases the quantity is usually determined by measurement. Sellers are disposed to insist that a cube of seven feet is a ton. This is entirely too small and will not weigh out. How many cubic feet will make a ton depends on so many conditions that no certain rule can be given. It depends on the kind of hay, whether timothy, clover or prairie, on the character of the hay, whether fine or coarse, on the condition in which it was put in the stack, and particularly on the size, especially the depth of the stack or mow. In a very large mow, well settled, 400 cubic feet of clover or timothy may average a ton, but on top of the mow, or in a small stack, it requires 600 to 512 cubic feet; sometimes even more. It is not safe for the buyer to figure less than 500 cubic feet; but in a well filled mow, in selling we would rather weigh than sell at that measure.

To find the number of tons in a barn mow or hay shed, multiply the length, depth and breadth together and divide by the number of cubic feet you think, considering the quality of hay and the condition in which it was put up, will make a ton. To measure a cone-shaped stack find the area of the base by multiplying the square of the circumference in feet by the decimal .07958, and multiply the product thus obtained by one-third of the height in feet, and then divide as before, cutting off five right-hand figures. The correctness of this will depend somewhat upon the approximation of the stack to a regular cone, and if the stack bulges out, it will make the product too small. The better way is to estimate the area of the stack up to the point of tapering in, and then apply the above rule to the cone shaped top. The best way, however, is to weigh. The experience of weighing a few stacks will enable anyone to judge quite accurately. Another approximate rule for measuring a round stack is this: Select a place which is as near as possible to what the average site would be if the stack were of uniform diameter from the ground to the top point. Measure round this to get the circumference. Add four ciphers (0000) to the circumference at the right and divide the whole 3.1459 to get the diameter. Now multiply half of the diameter by half of the circumference and you have the feet in the circular area. Multiply the number of feet the stack is high, and you have the solid or cubic feet in the whole. Then divide by 500 to 521, according to its size and compactness; which will give the number of tons in the stack.

A New Cattle Parasite.

At a recent meeting of the Entomological club of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a paper entitled "A Cutaneous Disease of Cattle by an Arachnoid" was read by Dr. C. W. Sales, of the Bureau of Animal Industry. He said:

It is a new disease in the skins of cattle, and is caused by a minute mite, the scientific name of which is Demodex folliculorum. This parasite is common among dogs, and is also found on pigs, cats, and sometimes on man. It has been noticed once or twice before on cattle. During the last year there has been considerable complaint from manufacturers on account of the poorness of leather produced. It is called "pimply leather." A number of investigators examined the leather, and came to the conclusion that there was some fault in the process of preparation. Last winter specimens of this leather were sent to Secretary Rusk with a request for an expression of opinion as to the cause of this peculiarity. The material was handed to me, and I succeeded in proving that this condition of the leather was not due to any defect in the preparation, but to a minute parasite, which lives in the follicles at the roots of the hair, which multiplies there, and by increasing in great numbers enlarges the hair follicles in the form of a pustule. It is this enlargement of the hair follicle that shows on the leather. The loss to the leather industry has been extensive. Leather manufacturers in the West say that they had lost on an average 50 cents on a hide, or about 20 per cent of the entire income. There is no known treatment for the disease, but it is recommended that herders keep a close watch on their herds, and as soon as the disease is noticed, keep the cattle infected isolated. The particular parasite found on cattle represents a separate variety from that found on dogs and man, so that there is probably no danger of infection to man from contact with the cattle.

MAN PREDOMINATES.

In Uncle Sam's Domain There Are More Males Than Females.

The population in this country is pretty well divided between the two sexes although according to a bulletin just issued from the census office there are about 1,500,000 more males than females in the 62,500,000 of population. In the New England and Middle states there are 4,000 more females than males. In the South middle section, including the district, the females outnumber the males by some 20,000. While in the Northern central section of the country as far west as Nebraska, the males are in the majority by over 800,000. In the South central portion this excess reaches only about 200,000. In the Western section of the country the preponderance of the males is shown by a majority of over 500,000, says an exchange.

In the District of Columbia the males number only 109,584, while the females number 120,850, 51.21 per cent of the total population returned in 1890 are males and 48.79 per cent are females. In 1880 the males represented 50.88 per cent, and the females 49.12 per cent. The percentages of males and females in 1870 are about the same as those just stated for 1880, or 50.56 per cent for males and 49.44 per cent for females, while in 1860 they were very similar to those given for 1890, or 51.16 per cent for males and 48.84 per cent

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE TELLS ITS BEAUTIES.

The Bible is the Best Guide to It and Gives All Instructions for the Traveler to Follow.

Dr. Talmadge's sermon selected for to-day is entitled "The King's Highway," the text chosen being Isaiah xxxv. 8-10: "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there; and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

There are thousands of people here this morning who want to find the right road. You sometimes see a person halting at crossroads, and you can tell by his looks that he wishes to ask a question as to what direction he had better take. And I stand in your presence this morning conscious of the fact that there are a thousand wrong roads, but only one right one; and I take it for granted that you have come in to ask which one it is. Here is one road that opens widely, but I have not much faith in it. There are a great many expensive tollgates scattered all along that way. Indeed every rod you must pay in tears, or pay in flagellations. On that road, if you get through it at all, you have to pay your own way; and since this differs so much from what I have heard in regard to the right way, I belive it is the wrong way.

Here is another road. On the other side of it are houses of sinful entertainment, and invitations to come in, and dine and rest; but, from the looks of the people who stand on the plazza I am very certain that it is the wrong house and the wrong way. Here is another road. It is very beautiful and macadamized. The horses' hoofs clatter and ring, and they who ride over it spin along the highway, until suddenly they find that the road breaks over an embankment, and they cry to halt, and they saw the bit in the mouth of the fiery steed, and cry "Ho! ho!" But it is too late, and —crash!—they go over the embankment. We shall turn this morning, and see if we cannot find a different kind of road.

You have heard of the Appian Way. It was 350 miles long. It was 24 feet wide; and on either side the road was a path for foot passengers. It was made of solid rocks cut in hexagonal shape and fitted together. What a road it must have been! Made of smooth, hard rock, 350 miles long. No wonder that in the construction of it the treasures of a whole empire were exhausted. Because of invaders, and the elements, and time—the old conqueror who tears up a road as he goes over it—there is nothing left of that structure excepting a ruin. But I have this morning to tell you of a road built long before the Appian Way, and yet it is as good as when first constructed. Millions of souls have gone over it. Millions more will come.

The prophets and apostles, too,

Pursued this road while here below;

We therefore will without delay,

Still walk in Christ, the good old way.

"A highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there; and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with song and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

First, this road of the text is the king's highway. In the diligence you dash over the Bernard pass of the Alps, mile after mile, and there is not so much as a pebble to jar the wheels. You go over bridges which cross chasms that would make you hold your breath, under projecting rock, along by dangerous precipices, through tunnels adrip with the melting of glaciers, and, perhaps for the first time, learn the majesty of a road built and supported by government authority. Well, my Lord the King decided to build a highway from earth to heaven. It should span all the chasms of human wickedness; it should tunnel all the mountains of earthly difficulty; it should be wide enough and strong enough to hold fifty thousand millions of the human race, if so many of them should ever be born. It should be blasted out of the "Rock of Ages," and cemented with the blood of the cross, and be lifted amid the shouting of angels and the execration of devils.

The king sent his son to build that road. He put his head and hand and heart to it, and, after the road was completed, waves his blistered hand over it the way, crying, "It is finished!" Napoleon paid fifteen million francs for the building of the Simplon road, that his cannon might go over for the devastation of Italy; but our king, at a greater expense, has built a road for a different purpose, that the banners of heavenly dominion might come down over it, and all the redeemed of earth travel up over it.

Being a king's highway, of course it is well built. Bridges splendidly arched and buttressed have given way and crushed the passengers who attempted to cross them. But Christ, the king, would build no such thing as that. The work done, he mounts the chariot of his love, and multitudes mount with him, and he drives on and up the steep of heaven amid the plaudits of gazing worlds! The work is done—well done—gloriously done—magnificently done!

Still further, this road spoken of is a clean road. Many a fine road has become miry and foul because it has not been properly cared for. Scripture says the unclean shall not walk on this one. Room on either side to throw away your sins; indeed, if you want to carry them along, you are not your own master. The toll bridge will break, those overhanging rocks will fall, the night will come down, leaving you at the mercy of the mountain bandits, and at the very next turn of the road you will perish. But if you are really on the road of which I have been speaking, then you will stop ever and anon to wash in the water that stands in the basin of the eternal rock. Ay, at almost every step of the journey you will be crying out: "Create within me a clean heart!" If you have no such aspirations as that, it proves that you have mistaken your way; and if you will only look up and see the finger-board above your head, you may read upon it the words: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." Without holiness no man shall see the Lord; and if you have any idea that you can carry along your sins, your lusts, your worldliness, and yet get to the end of the human race, you are so awfully mistaken that, in the name of God, this morning I shatter the delusion.

Still further, the road spoken of is a plain road. "The wayfaring man, though fools, shall not err therein." That is, if a man is three-fourths an idiot, he can find this road just as well as if he were a philosopher. The imbecile boy, the laughing-stock of the street and followed by a mob hooting at him, has only just to knock once at the gate of heaven, and it swings open; while the man of big brain, who can lecture about pneumatics, and chemistry, and tell the story of Faraday's theory of electrical polarization, and yet has been shut out of heaven.

Still further: this road to heaven is a safe road. Sometimes the traveler in those ancient highways would think himself perfectly secure, not knowing there was a lion by the way, burying his head deep between his paws, and then, when the right moment came, under the fearful spring, the man's life was gone, and there was a mauled carcass by the roadside. But, says my text, "No lion shall be there." I wish I could make you feel this morning your entire security. I tell you plainly that one minute after a man has become a child of God, he is as safe as though he had been ten thousand years in heaven. He may fall, he may slide, he may stumble; but he cannot be destroyed. Kept by the power of God, through faith, unto complete salvation. Everlastingly safe.

The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory. In other words, the worst thing that can happen a child of God is heaven. The body is only the old slippers that he throws aside just before he puts on the sandals of light. His soul, you cannot hurt it. No fires can consume it. No floods can drown it. No devils can capture it.

Firm and unmoved are they

Who rest their souls on God;

Fixed as the ground stood once David stood,

Or where the ark abode.

Still further: the road spoken of is a pleasant road. God gives a bond of indemnity against all evil to every man that treads it. "All things work together for good to those who love God." No weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed, and delivered by the President of the universe. What is the use of your fretting, O child of God, about food? "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly father feedeth them." And will he take care of the sparrow, will he take care of the hawk, and will he not care for you? What is the use of your fretting about clothes? Consider the lilies of the field. Shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" What is the use of worrying for fear something will happen to your home? "He blesseth the habitation of the just." What is the use of fretting lest you will be overcome of temptations? "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

O, this King's highway! Trees of life on either side, bending over until their branches interlock and drop midway their fruit and shade. Houses of entertainment on either side the road for poor pilgrims. Tables spread with a feast with good things, and walls adorned with apples of gold in pictures of silver. I start out on this king's highway, and I find a harper and I say: "What is your name?" This harper makes no response, but leaves me to guess, as, with his eyes toward heaven and his hand upon the trembling strings, this tune comes rippling on the air: "The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" I go a little further on the same road and meet a trumpeter of heaven, and I say: "Harper, your name is some mask for a tired pilgrim?" And wiping his lip and taking a long breath, he puts his mouth to the trumpet and pours forth this strain: "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I go a little distance further on the same road and I meet a maiden of Israel. She has no harp but she has cymbals. They look as though they had rusted from sea spray; and I say to the maiden of Israel: "Have you no song for a tired pilgrim?" And like the clang of victors' shields the cymbals clap as Miriam begins to discourse: "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea." And then I see a white-robed group. They come bounding toward me, and I say: "Who are they? The happiest and the brightest, and the fairest in all heaven—who are they" And the answer comes: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white with the blood of the Lamb."

I pursue this subject only one step further. What is the terminus? Do not care how fine a road is, if you put me on the wrong track. I want to know where it comes out. My text declares it: "The redeemed of the Lord come to Zion." You know what Zion was. That was the king's palace. It was a mountain fastness. It was unapproachable. And so heaven is the fastness of the universe. No howitzer has long enough range to shell those towers. Let all the battleships of earth and hell blaze away, they cannot break in the gates. Gibraltar was taken; Sebastopol was taken; Babylon fell; but those walls of heaven shall never surrender either to human or Satanic besiegement. The Lord God Almighty is the defender of it. Great capital of the universe! Terminus of the king's highway!

Doctor Dick said that, among other things he thought in heaven we should study chemistry, and Sir Isaac Newton, astronomy. Southey thought that in heaven he would have the pleasure of seeing Chaucer and Shakespeare. Now, Doctor Dick may have his mathematics for all eternity, and Southey his Shakespeare. Give me Christ and my old friends—that is all the heaven I want, that is heaven enough for me. O garden of light, whose leaves never wither, and whose fruits never fail! O banquet of God, whose sweetness never palls the taste, and whose guests are kings forever! O city of light, whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise! O palace of rest, where God is the ornament and everlasting ages the length of his reign! O song louder than the surf-beat of many waters, yet soft as the whisper of cherubim!

When my last wound is healed, when the last heart-break is ended, when the last tear of earthly sorrow is wiped away, and when the redeemed of the Lord shall come to Zion, then let all the harpers take down their harps, and all the trumpeters take down their trumpets, and all across heaven there be chorus of morning stars, chorus of white-robed victors, chorus of martyrs from under the throne, chorus of ages, chorus of worlds, and there be but one song, and but one name spoken, and but one throne honored—that of Jesus only.

A Diabolical Trio.

If there is one more fiendish than the hateful trinity, dyspepsia, biliousness and irregularity of the bowels usually existent together, we are unaware of it. Those cooperative organs, the stomach, the bowels and the liver, are usually thrown out of gear together, and the restoration of regularity to one is usually the signal for the others to fall into line. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters controls all three beneficently and completely, not only regulating but invigorating them. It also exerts a most happy influence upon the kidneys and the blood, giving a healthful impulse and enriching the second. It overcomes malaria and a tendency to chronic rheumatism and neuralgia, and improves appetite and sleep. To the nervous it affords unspeakable relief. A wineglassful three times daily will, if persisted in, achieve results to be expected from no other health medium.

The Usual Result.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He bought a lottery ticket
And felt sure he'd draw a prize.
He waited the grand drawing day
With mien as pale as death;
He got the list—he scanned it well,
And then he drew—his breath.
—Boston News.

Reviving Old Memories.

He (after a lengthy call)—Well, good evening.

She—Good evening. By the way, didn't you propose to me?

He (startled)—Why—yes; of course.

She (coldly)—Well, do tell me, if a good fellow, whether I accepted you or rejected you?—Truth.

This is Official.

Rocky Pete—Some of the Indians on here are over a hundred years old.

Tenderfoot—How do they keep track of the years?

Rocky Pete—By counting the bundles of lies sent them annually by Congress.—N. Y. Herald.

Curious.

It throws one into a study brown,
But one understands it never,
How when "everybody is out of town"
The town seems fuller than ever.
—New York Press.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR CURES ALL DISEASES AND IRREGULARITIES PECULIAR TO WOMAN

BOOK "TO WOMAN" MAILED FREE

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is superior to all other preparations claiming to be blood-purifiers. First of all, because the principal ingredient used in it is the extract of genuine Honduras sarsaparilla root, the variety richest in medicinal properties. Also, because the yellow dock, being raised expressly for the Company, is always fresh and of the very best kind. With equal discrimination and care, each of the other ingredients are selected and compounded. It is

Cures Catarrh

THE Superior Medicine

because it is always the same in appearance, flavor, and effect, and, being highly concentrated, only small doses are needed. It is, therefore, the most economical blood-purifier in existence. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It searches out all impurities in the system and expels them harmlessly by the natural channels. AYER'S Sarsaparilla gives elasticity to the step, and imparts to the aged and infirm, renewed health, strength, and vitality.

Cures SCROFULA

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; Price $1, six bottles, $5.

Cures others, will cure you

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, or recriminations, or abuse: but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

The Army of the Potomac.

Editor Camp Fire:—A grand army organization, with its rank and file, its discipline and conflicts, its successes and defeats, its esprit de corps, stands forth a historical personality, as distinct and real as that of any individual character. Its chronicles for the time absorb and represent the actions and fates of its individual members; and in proportion to the extent to which this absorption and representation take place does it become a power for conquest and perchance of world-wide admiration.

During the war of the rebellion several of these organizations existed. On the rebel side those of the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of Tennessee were conspicuous. The former of these was as finely organized as any army of ancient or modern times; but that which gave it more than historic importance was the fact that its commander, for the last three years of its existence, was a native of Virginia, and identified by the ties of consanguinity with some of its most noted and reputable families—a man of native ability, and of that ephipoise of character which comes from thorough scholastic training and extensive experience with men of acknowledged worth and parts—Robert E. Lee.

On the Union side were such grand bodies as the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the Cumberland, the Army of the Tennessee, and the Army of the Ohio. Of this number the Army of the Potomac was, doubtless, owing to various accidental considerations, the most noted. Its organization was coeval with the struggle to suppress rebellion in Virginia, and its operations, with two exceptions, were confined exclusively to the soil of the Old Dominion, and against those of its formidable antagonist, the Army of Northern Virginia. The defeats of the one army were the successes of the other, and vice versa. The fact that one army was thoroughly organized and led by one of the acknowledged miktary chieftians of the age was both a means of training and a barrier and incentive to success on the part of the other.

In order to compare the two opposing armies, that of Northern Virginia and of the Potomac, several facts need to be borne in mind:

1.—The President of the Confederacy was a trained military man; that of the United States was not.

2.—The former army was mainly on the defensive, and that, too, on its own soil, with which it was well acquainted.

3.—The people among whom the armies operated were mainly in sympathy with the cause of the Confederacy, and through their ladies especially kept their own cause well informed as to thoroughly encouraged to the end. This fact is deserving of special significance.

4.—Changes in the Army of the Potomac were quite frequent, while the commander-in-chief of the Army of Northern Virginia was continued from his first assignment in June, 1862, to the time of final surrender.

5.—Governmental dictation and interference with plans was less frequent and harrassing from Richmond than from Washington.

6.—The use of cavalry in the rebel army was more fully appreciated than in the Union army. Notably was this true in the beginning of the war.

7.—The Army of the Potomac was, as a rule, over-supplied with food, clothing and other necessaries. To such an extent was this carried that Stonewall Jackson is said to have declared that he found it unnecessary to have either a quartermaster or a commissary department, so long as the Army of the Potomac was so fully supplied and continued to furnish him.

8.—Petty jealousies and possibly even disloyalty marred the operations of the Union army. To such an extent were these carried that defeat and the destruction of thousands of brave men were traceable thereto.

9.—Defeat of the Union army in the earlier engagements was a source of discouragement to the Army of the Potomac, while it inflated, with the fullest assurance of constant superiority and success, the Army of Northern Virginia.

The Army of the Potomac was commanded in succession by: First, Major General Irvin McDowell, a brave man, but hardly qualified to command successfully more than an army corps. Second, General George B. McClellan, the little Napoleon of the army, a good engineer, a thorough organizer, but too slow and hesitating for field operations. Third, General John Pope, who, called from a field of successful operations in the West, was somewhat inflated with his successes, and egotistic. His purpose was good, but his command at the Army of Virginia, a subdivision and another name for the Army of the Potomac, was thwarted by jealousies and disobedience that greatly imperiled the cause of the Union. Fourth, Major General Ambrose E. Burnside, a faithful, loyal soldier, but incompetent to handle more than a corps. Fifth, General Joseph E. Hooker, brave, impulsive "fighting Joe," whose condition was largely that of Burnside, that is, he was a good corps commander, but not qualified to handle a larger force. Sixth, General George G. Meade, who, measured by the criterion of success, was a recognized army commander of skill and ability. Seventh, superadded to all these, General Ulysses S. Grant, who, as commander-in-chief of all the armies of the Union, led the hitherto oft-defeated columns from the field of the Wilderness until the proud army of Lee made its surrender at Appomattox.

The history of this army's truly thrilling struggles is one of the intensely thrilling records of the war. It deals with the two Federal reverses at Bull Run; the fightings and the marchings and the sad discouragements connected with the Peninsular campaign; the full Union success at South Mountain and the but partial success at Antietam; the terrible slaughter at Fredericksburg; the well-planned but fatally fought battle of Chancellorsville; the great struggle for mastery in the three days' conflict at Gettysburg; the perfect holocausts of brave men at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and North Anna; the long-continued and destructive siege of Petersburg; the final forsaking of this city, together with that of the Confederate capital; and the ultimate surrender of the rebellious hosts on the field of Appomattox.

Only two attempts to write the history of the Army of the Potomac in all its movements have been made. One of these was by William Swinton, a gifted writer and correspondent, whose pen during the war was mightier than his sword. His work, though the product of a man who looked at movements from the standpoint of simply a civilian, is a valuable contribution to our war literature. The second and last attempt along this line was made by Major J. H. Stine, who as a member of the 19th Indiana Volunteers was more than a spectator of the movements of this army. From 1861 to 1865 he was an actual participant in its defeats and its victories; and in all its conflicts was a brave soldier "used to war's alarms." Like faithful Aeneas, he was in position to speak from the records.—J. Fraise Richards.

Obeying Orders.

Editor Camp Fire:—"Way down in Dixie," during those eventful years when we new recruits were saving the country by drilling, and getting ready to lick the rebels when we collided with them, our colonel, a pompous little fellow, who prided himself on his knowledge of tactics and his skill in handling the regiment, got riled a little at some awkwardness of the troops on drill, and told us never to perform an evolution or do a thing we were not ordered to do. "Leave that to me!" said the colonel. It's my part to give orders and yours to obey; and if things go wrong, I'll be responsible." Good enough; but you bet we all stood by to catch the pompous little colonel, if possible.

It was my luck to be one of the guards posted out during the drill, as all old soldiers will understand; and when the particular evolution was finished, there should have been the order "guides post!" given, to return us to our ranks. But the colonel forgot to give it, and while the other guides, knowing their part, returned to their ranks unordered, I stood pat in the middle of the field till the colonel happened to see me there, standing stiff as a post, with musket on shoulder, till I was nearly run over by the marching battalion.

"Halt!" shouted the colonel, and halt it was. "Capt. R." he shouted, "do you know who that dunderheaded soldier is?"

"That is Corporal T—, of my company," our captain answered.

"Well, don't the idiot know enough to go in when it rains?" the little colonel asked furiously.

"He knows enough to obey orders," said the captain, grinning.

The colonel began to "smell a mice." "Didn't I order 'guides post?' he inquired.

"You did not, colonel," answered the captain.

"Well, 'guides post' now, and be d—d to you!" shouted the colonel at me, "and git!" I "got" to my place, while the regiment roared, and the little colonel joined in the laugh as heardily as the rest of us.—Co. K, 83d Ills.

"I Can't Get 'Em Up!"

Editor Camp Fire:—The morning is bright and clear, the soft breeze gently stirs the foliage, and cools the feverish brow of the picket on the outpost. Suddenly he is aroused from his reverie by the steady advance of his comrades, who are hurriedly formed in line. Off to the right the boom of a field gun is heard. Then follows the wide-ranging roll of a volley of musketry. The line advances into the clear ground steadily. On a little rise, 400 yards distant, is a battery of the enemy. The first line is strengthened by a second and a third, and the advance has culminated in a charge—a rush—on that battery. Boom! Boom! Grape shot came hurtling through the lines, cutting great swaths; but on they go, and the impetus of that "rush" is so great it can not stop when the cannon are reached, but is soon in a hand to hand contest with the support who are borne in a demoralized condition before the "grand army." The sounds of battle are receding, and the infirmary corps is now hard at work, heavy hearted. Here some find a cherished friend, and anon a tear glistens in the eye of those thought to be hardened ghouls. Drummer boy, soldier and officer alike receive the same attention. Thus you see the "old paddle feet."

Hovering around the flanks of the defeated enemy "gobbling" the stragglers, harrassing his retrograde, destroying his supplies, and playing the mischief generally, besides gathering information and foraging for the "camp coolers" are my very particular friends, the "clothes-pin" soldiers. Oh, boys, do any of you recognize the picture? I've "shivered and blowed" for some of my old friends, but

I can't get 'em up!
I can't get 'em up!
I can't get 'em up
At all, at all, at all!!!

—Bub.

An Ambuscade Which Failed.

Editor Camp Fire:—Just as our advance column struck the enemy a lone horseman was seen at a distance on our right. I was ordered to take two men, go in pursuit, and, if possible, capture him. As soon as we gave chase he rapidly retreated. Although his horse was a good one, it soon became evident that these in pursuit were lessening the interval between them. His ride for life was on a road scarcely visible, having many sharp angles around the trees, through which it ran, making it extremely dangerous while going at so great a speed. Although my skill in horseback riding was perhaps something above that of the average cavalryman, yet I must say that I felt about as uneasy as a bob-tailed horse in fly time. When the space between us had gradually contracted to about twenty rods, the trooper elbowing me on the right dropped his rein, took aim and fired, instantly killing his horse, the rider performing several revolutions in the air before striking the ground. He was groaning fearfully as we came upon him. He refused to be disarmed, whereupon I placed my Colt's navy within six inches of his nose, with my finger on the trigger. He very reluctantly handed over his arms. We had moved on but a short distance farther when we saw two negro women emerging from the woods into the road, in a state of great excitement, they called to us not to go any farther in that direction, as a lot of rebel soldiers were in hiding but a short distance down the road. I believe that had we not met those women our bones would now be bleaching there. The negroes very seldom, if ever, betrayed us. I think the object of our captive was to lead us into this ambuscade, but in this he failed.—J. B. Stouffer, 1st Sergt. Co. S, 3d Mich. V. V. C.

In a Muddy Ditch.

Editor Camp Fire:—I enjoy reading letters from the old boys, and regret that more of them do not chip in. I wish to relate a circumstance that happened in Georgia. The night our command was relieved from the Georgia campaign at Jonesboro, in the fall of 1864, was a very dark and rainy one. It was such difficult marching that two comrades would hold to one gun in order to keep their feet. I recollect sitting down once that night in the middle of the road without orders to rest. There was a comrade named Henry Kincel belonged to the regimental band. He was a Dutchman, and followed repairing watches. Somewhere in Georgia he had captured a tin-cake bucket in which he packed his trinkets. On the march that night we came to a large gutter in the road, and it being dark and muddy, a man stood at the ditch to guide the boys to either side. He did not speak in time to save Kincel, who fell into the ditch full length. The man on the bank said, "That's four who have fallen into that ditch tonight." Kincel crawled out of that foaming. He said: "Py jacks, what makes me so darnation mad is to think he would stand there and count them instead of telling me how to go!" Dark as it was, we all knew who it was by the rattle of his bucket, which went into the ditch with him. If any of the 6th Tenn. boys are readers of The Blade, I hope they will chip in and let me know if they recollect Kincel and his cake bucket in the ditch.—J. B. Epperson, Co. E, 6th Tenn. Vol. Inft. band.

Sparks.

Comrade J. M. C., Blanco, Tex., writes a letter to the Camp Fire to ask what are the views of the veterans on the present campaign. We have no doubt they stand where they have always stood—in the Republican ranks. There are some ex-soldiers who are Democrats, but we doubt if they will vote for the pension-vetoer Cleveland.

L. W. M., Sunset, Tex., asks comrades the name of an Union soldier killed near Corinth, Miss., in the fall of 1863 or 1864? He knew the parties who killed him, and says: "I believe he was a lieutenant. I was living at the time near Corinth."

J. C. G., Tipton, W. Va., calls on all his comrades who were the blue to vote against the party which calls Union pensioners "paupers." We must remind comrades that we can not take the space of the Camp Fire for letters discussing politics. We desire to make it a record of original personal experiences during the war from the soldiers themselves.

77 I am seventy-seven years old, and have had my age renewed at least twenty years by the use of S. S. S. My foot and leg to my knee was a running sore for two years, and physicians said it could not be cured. After taking fifteen small bottles S. S. S. there is not a sore on my limbs, and I have a new lease on life. You ought to let all sufferers know of your wonderful remedy. YEARS OLD

IRA F. STILES, Palmer, Kansas City.

S.S.S. IS A WONDERFUL REMEDY.—especially for old people. It builds up the general health. Treatise on the blood mailed free.

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This Great Cough Cure, this successful Consumption Cure, is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup or Whooping Cough, use it promptly and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease, Consumption, Don't Fail to use it. 25 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00.

The Sunday School.

The Lord's Supper Profaned.

LESSON XIII., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

Golden Text: Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.—1 Cor. 11: 28.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Cor. 11: 20-34.)

20 When ye come together therefore into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's supper.

21 For in eating every one taketh before other his own supper: and one is hungry, and another is drunken.

22 What! have ye not houses to eat and to drink in? or despise ye the church of God, and shame them that have not? What shall I say to you? shall I praise you in this? I praise you not.

23 For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread:

24 And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.

25 After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

26 For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

27 Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord.

28 But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.

29 For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body.

30 For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep.

31 For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged.

32 But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world.

33 Wherefore, my brethren, when ye come together to eat, tarry one for another.

34 And if any man hunger, let him eat at home; that ye come not together unto condemnation. And the rest will I set in order when I come.

Illustrative Applications.

When therefore ye assemble yourselves together, it is not impossible to eat the Lord's supper (v. 20). If the Lord's house be the Lord's house, it is not your house, for you to seek bodily rest or mental enjoyment in. All that you gain in that house, you are too great through your seeking the Lord there. Unless he has the first place in your thoughts, when you enter and while you remain in the house that is his, you are misusing his house, and it is not possible for you to gain the advantage that comes of being in his house as his house. If the Lord's Supper be the Lord's Supper, it is not your supper, for you to eat as a means of physical sustenance or refreshing. All that you gain at that Supper, you are to gain through your seeking the Lord in that ordinance. Unless he is the object of your yearning as you come to his table, you will not feed upon his body, and your partaking and thorough partaker of his life by aught that you receive there. It is not possible for you to eat the Lord's Supper as the Lord's Supper in eating your own supper or the supper of your human fellows.

The Lord Jesus took bread; he brake it, and said, This is my body, which is for you: this do in remembrance of me (vs. 23, 24). The body of Jesus Christ was made a body for our sakes. In being made members of that body, we are made partakers of all that that body implies. When we go to that table to which he has invited us, we are to go in remembrance of him as the giver of his body, of which, by faith, we are made partakers: and we are to eat as if feeding on him. It is not enough to go to a table spread by ourselves or by others in mere commemorative reminder of his earthly history. That is not eating the Lord's Supper.

In like manner also the cup, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood: this do, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me (v. 25). To drink of another's blood was to become a sharer in his very life. This was a truth recognized in all lands and in all ages, and understood as a truth in the land of our Lord in the days of our Lord. The covenant entered into by such an act was an unchangeable covenant. He who partakes of the cup at the Lord's Supper is to remember, as he does so, that it is his Lord's life that he shares in "the blood of the everlasting covenant.

For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come (v. 26). We are not merely reminded by the fact of the Lord's Supper that the Lord lived and died, but whenever we partake of that Supper we thereby proclaim the fact that he died that we might live. And until he comes again to receive his own to himself, we are to proclaim the fact of our life through his life.

Wherefore, whosoever shall eat the bread or drink the cup unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord (v. 27). If a man were to treat gold and jewels as if they were mere refuse, to be cast away with worthless things, or if he were to destroy bank notes and precious letters like waste-paper, he would be guilty of the destruction of the full worth of that which he destroyed. So, if he sees no worth in the body and blood of our Lord, he is guilty of an offense against our Lord himself. A man is responsible for the estimate he puts upon the Lord's Supper, when he comes to it as the Lord's Supper.

For he that eateth and drinketh, eateth and drinketh judgment unto himself, if he discern not the body (v. 29). Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. If we look only with our natural eyes, we do not see the best things to be seen in even the face of a friend. But if we look with the eyes of our heart, we can see our friend's heart in his eyes. If, indeed, a friend looks his whole heart toward us in his eyes, and we discern it not, our manner of looking is at fault; and even though he condemn us not, we are self-condemned. He who goes to the Lord's table not looking to see the Lord there, fails of discerning him, and is himself at fault for his failure.

For this cause many among you are weak and sickly, and not a few sleep (v. 30).—There is strength and health in the thought that the life of the Son of God is our life. There is inspiration and cheer in the thought that we live in him and for him. For lack of an understanding and conviction of these truths, many who are called by the name of Christ are weak and sickly, and not a few sleep. A clearer apprehension of the true meaning of the Lord's Supper would put new vigor and new activity into sluggish Christians who do not see what is to be seen there, because they fail to look for it.—H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.

A "GLOW EFFECT" IN CORNERS

An Exquisite Mode of Decorating Ungainly Nooks.

In refurnishing an old-fashioned homestead for the summer sojourn of a wealthy family, the decorator who had charge of the contract was very much puzzled to know just how to rob a certain ugly corner of its awkwardness. Finally the happy idea occurred that he reduce its height by a side and top fretwork, and convert it into a sort of tete-a-tete arcove.

In direct opposition to the paper of the room, which was brown-flecked cream, he touched up the alcove with a deep pink glow, as though from the reflection of a red shaded lamp. The effect was so exquisite that now every house must have a "glow alcove," where a low divan and a tiny dining-tree stand bearing a dish of bonbons afford an opportunity for the most delightful little tete-a-tete.

Corn on the Ear.

Watts—This is the season for corn on the ear—something I am especially fond of.

Potts—If you had a corn that got on its ear every time there was a rain storm within 40 miles of here, as mine does, you would entertain different views.—Indianapolis Journal.

An Ideal.

Ah, I know her like a book;
She's a treasure, is our cook.
She can broil a steak just right,
Stew potatoes out of sight;
Her brown bread would make you cry,
Not a bit left coverdy;
All she bakes is nice and light—
So I thought in dreams last night.
—N. Y. Herald.

WE WANT YOU

to act as our agent. Will treat you well and pay liberally for your services. The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1300, Portland, Me.

BEATTY Piano, Organ, $23 up. Want Ag'ts Cat'g free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

WHEN EDISON WAS A BOY.

He Exhibited Even Then an Aptitude for His Life Work.

I was talking a few days since with a friend who lived at Fort Gratiot, Mich., at the time when Thomas Edison spent his boyhood there, and learned many interesting things of the great inventor. That the bent of the boy's inclination was always toward mechanical appliances and the latest inventions of which he could hear is too well known to need reiteration. His special fondness, however, was for constructing crude telegraph instruments with which to keep up constant communication with his chum, who lived in the immediate vicinity. After an enormous amount of work the little fellows succeeded in making two instruments, which were carefully placed in their respective bedrooms, so that early and late, unknown to the rest of the household, they could communicate that flow of thought always on tap between youthful friends. The intervening wires were arranged to escape the entangling influence of shrubbery and fences by means of tall poles. For a while everything went on smoothly. The thrilling experiences of fishing trips were enjoyed in retrospect over the wires, similar exciting plans were evolved for future use, and the barnyard statistics were transmitted with unwavering exactness. One morning, however, the boys awakened to find all this changed, and where order had prevailed was only chaos. During the night a cow had strayed into the inclosure and after knocking down the poles succeeded in so entangling the wires about her legs that her astonishment and distress were voiced to the neighborhood in mournful bellows which made the night hideous. The greatest damage, however, was to the delicately adjusted instruments, which had been so injured by the cow's novel wire-pulling as to be utterly spoiled for future usefulness.

Tommy Edison, who during his boyhood was always called "Al," was also very fond of pigeons, which he raised in great numbers and taught to come at his call, fluttering about his head, shoulders and arms while he fed them. —Kate Field's Washington.

He Was the Only Man.

Nellie Summergirl—We've been engaged over a week, George, dear. Don't you think we ought to break it!

George Indemand—Break the engagement? Why, love, are you so tired of me so soon?

"N-no; but don't you think I ought to give the other girls a chance at you, seeing you are the only man here?"—Boston News.

Not an Entirely Unknown Quantity.

"In the example on the board," said the teacher of the class in algebra, "what does the X represent? Lucy Forbes may answer."

"It represents a—a pair of suspenders," hazarded the frightened little girl, regarding it intently.—Chicago Tribune.

She Made One Mistake.

Mr. Nagley—I suppose you think you never made a mistake since you were born.

Mrs. Nagley—I can't say that, but I haven't made any since I was married.—Kate Field's Washington.

It Matched.

He—What! Reading a yellow backed novel!

She—Of course. You can't expect me to read any other kind with a black dress, can you?—N. Y. Herald.

Faint Praise.

Edwin—Do you think your father approves of me?

Angelina—Oh, yes! He said he thought that perhaps, after all, I might do worse. —N. Y. Herald.

Attracted by the Name.

Tanks—"I tried to get Old Soak to go to Asbury Park this year for his vacation, but it was no use."

Banks—"Where is he going?"

Tanks—"Bar Harbor, of course."—Life.

The Briny Deep.

Louise—"Where is your brother now?"

Kitty (whose brother has just sailed for Europe)—"Why, don't you know? He's on the brawny deep."—Exchange.

A Lesson in Geography.

"How far is it around the world?"

In girlish innocence asked she.

"Ah, I will measure it," he said,

"If you'll permit me, love, to see."

Then when his strong right arm he'd placed

Around her waist so small and trim,

He found it wasn't very far—

For she was all the world to him.

—Roseleaf.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

MUSIC FOR CANTATAS

—FOR—

SINGING SCHOOLS AND SOCIETIES.

Esther, the Beautiful Queen.

By Wm. B. Bradbury. Has had an enormous sale. Time of presentation 2 hours; full

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1892.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 114,000.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
WHITELAW REID,
Of New York.

A Second Edition

Of 5,000 Copies, Now Ready of "Nasby in Exile"—The Great Success the Book Is Having Among the People.

The edition of 5,000 copies of "Nasby in Exile," published in June, is now exhausted. The demand has far exceeded our expectations. We now offer the second 5,000 edition on the terms set forth in the large advertisement to be found elsewhere in this paper—which are in fact the same terms we gave on the first edition.

While a great many copies of the first edition have gone in connection with new subscribers, sent by old subscribers for the purpose of obtaining a copy for themselves, and a great many more have gone in connection with voluntary subscriptions to get one, we have been glad to notice that almost every subscriber whose time has expired this summer has renewed his subscription for the next year and called for a copy of this book.

Since this book has been offered, we have renewed almost every one of our expiring subscriptions. Thus far in September, every expiring subscription is being renewed in connection with this book, and the present 5,000 edition can hardly supply the demand of those subscribers whose time is up during the months of September and October. Whether we can afford to offer this premium during the entire winter season, has not yet been decided; but it is very uncertain that a third edition will be printed. Hence, every one who wants a copy will do well to renew AT ONCE, no matter when his subscription expires; it will be dated forward one full year from date of expiration. Thus he will be sure of obtaining a copy of the book. The advertisement on another page gives a full description of the work. We have not room for both the table of contents and the list of illustrations at the same time; so we alternate them in the advertisement—the contents one week, the illustrations the next. Note two successive issues, and read both.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

Edward Atkinson, the noted writer upon economic subjects, is a free trader. His evidence, therefore, should not be disputed by the free traders. And he, as the result of an investigation into the condition of labor, in connection with the census of 1880, reported that in the twenty years from 1860 to that time, the wages of skilled labor in the United States had risen from a yearly average of $460 in 1860 to a yearly average of $720 in 1880. As there had been no increase in the average wage-rate during the free trade decade from 1850 to 1860, it is clear that the protective policy was the largest factor in producing this increase.

Now comes the rampant free trader, unable to deny the fact of this increase, with a theory that the gain in wages is balanced by the increased cost of living because of the protective tariff. But Mr. Atkinson again comes forward with a hard, cold fact, against which the filmy theory breaks like a bubble, and dissolves into nothingness. Mr. Atkinson says that, instead of a rise in in the price of the necessaries of life during those twenty years, there was a fall of from 26 to 46 per cent along the whole line of these necessaries.

Let us then take 33 per cent as the average reduction in the price of these necessaries to the consumer. The average wages had increased 56.5 per cent during these twenty years, while the cost of living had declined 33 per cent. Therefore, every dollar would buy, in 1880, about one-third more than in 1860, and the wage-worker received over one-half more dollars for his labor. Is not the workingman decidedly benefited by protection?

Then comes our free trade theorist, after he has gotten his "second wind," and theorizes that this improvement in wages can not be due to the tariff, because the men engaged in what he calls "unprotected" industries have shared the increase with these in "protected" industries. Again the theory is false. If a man can make $4 a day in an iron mill, and only $1 a day as a carpenter, does it not follow that he will go to work in the iron mill? To make the proposition general, if wages go up in a very large group of occupations, the wages of other occupations will have to rise proportionally, or there will be a scarcity of laborers in the latter. It has been proved true in practice, time and again.

The placing of sugar on the free list, and the granting of a bounty to home sugar producers, has produced two valuable results. Before the new tariff law was passed, we paid about $60,000,000 annually in duties on sugar, while the bounties amount to only $7,000,000. Meanwhile the price of sugar has declined nearly 50 per cent. Another result of the change has been the increase of interest in sugar production. Many beet-sugar factories have been established, which are prospering, and the cultivation of cane is increasing in the South. Louisiana papers state that more land in that state is planted to cane each succeeding year, while it is found that a large portion of Texas is well adapted to the crop. Florida also promises to become a better state for sugar-cane than either Louisiana or Texas as soon as the vast tracts of low lands are drained.

The Indiana courts are invoked to overthrow the iniquitous gerrymander imposed on that state by the Bourbons, to perpetuate themselves in power, and the Democratic ringsters are howling mad over the prospect that justice will rectify it.

ALCOHOL SHORTENS LIFE.

There are thousands of intelligent men who believe that intoxicating liquors give the drinker strength and endurance. The truth is exactly the opposite. The man who does not drink can bear up longer under fatigue, can stand exposure better, can put forth a longer continued effort, than he who is a habitual drinker. Equally false is the belief that liquor enables a man to endure exposure to severe cold. This has been amply proved in the experience of exploring expeditions into the frozen North. Sober men invariably stand severe cold better than drinking men. The fallacy that drink gives bodily strength is disproved by the experience of military men. Soldiers who are temperate make long marches better, with less fatigue, than do those who drink; they enjoy a higher degree of health, bear the exposure of camp and march better, and are far less liable to yield to sickness.

Notwithstanding these facts, there are, as we have stated above, very many who believe the reverse. There is a reason for this error. It is found in the exhilaration which follows as the first effect of imbibing liquor. The alcoholic poison acts as an excitant of the entire system, and gives a fictitious strength; but this is as surely followed by a period of depression, unknown to the non-drinking man. Those who recall only the period of excitement naturally fall into the error of supposing that the pleasurable sensations are a sign of added strength given by the liquor, instead of merely an unnatural and unhealthy phenomenon.

This effect of any intoxicating beverage is due to the alcohol it contains. Alcohol is a poison, pure and simple; and its poisonous effects are directly proportioned to the amount taken into the system, and the frequency of the dose. Its habitual use injures every vital organ. It sets up a chronic and obstinate inflammation of the stomach; its evil effects upon the liver frequently result in an incurable disease, commonly known as "hob-nail liver" or "whisky liver;" it is one of the most common causes of incurable kidney troubles; it injures the brain and nervous system, deranges the circulation, destroys digestion and interferes with the functions of assimilation and tissue change. Hence it is clear that it must have a malign influence upon the duration of human life, which naturally depends upon the bodily health. If the latter is injured, it follows that life must be shortened.

That this is correct, is amply proved by the following table, taken from the report of the investigations of Mr. Nelson, the actuary of the Medical Invalid and General Life Insurance company, of London, and given by Dr. Jarvis, in the twenty-third registration report of Massachusetts. Given 200,000 persons at the age of 20, of whom 100,000 are temperate and 100,000 are intemperate, there will remain living the following number of each, at the ages given:

Age.	Intemperate.	Temperate.
At 25	81,975	95,712
At 30	64,114	91,570
At 35	50,746	86,830
At 40	39,671	82,082
At 50	21,938	70,026
At 60	11,586	36,355
At 70	5,075	35,220
At 80	876	13,169

This table tells it own story. From the start, the intemperate drop into the grave faster than the temperate; and the increased death-rate is something terrible to contemplate. Half the original number of intemperate men are dead at 35, while half of the number of temperate do not pass away until about 55; and over thirteen times as many temperate men are still in the land of the living at 80 years of age as there are of the intemperate ones. Sobriety leads to length of life, while the drunkards do not live out half their days, on the average.

It is facts of this nature which need to be brought to the attention of people everywhere. There is, even yet, after at least half a century of temperance effort in the United States, a vast deal of error existing in the popular mind as to the real nature and the effects of liquor upon the physical system. A knowledge of the true state of the case can but result in a vast accession to temperance sentiment. The lines of effort have, perhaps, been kept to closely upon moral and religious grounds, and the physical effects of Rum not had the attention given them which should have been done. When the masses of the American people understand fully the case against all forms of alchoholic drinks, it will not need political effort to stop the traffic, overthrow the saloon, and to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE VERMONT ELECTION.

The Democratic press is endeavoring to hide from its readers the real significance of the Vermont election of last Tuesday. They are comparing the Republican plurality of this year's September election with that of the Presidential election of 1888, when Harrison had 28,404 over Cleveland, and thus endeavoring to put the facts in a false light before voters. The true test is the state election of two years ago, when the Republican governor, Page, was elected by 14,163 plurality over his Democratic competitor; while at the Congressional elections of the same year the Republican plurality in the state was 13,063. This was due to the Democratic campaign of falsehood on the newly-passed McKinley bill.

This year the entire Republican state ticket is triumphant by pluralities ranging from 19,000 upwards. The vindication of Republicanism in the elections for members of the legislature has been still more significant. The last legislature had 63 Democratic members; in the one just elected there will be less than 20 Democrats. The total Democratic vote of the state is not only less than that of 1890, but even less than that cast at the gubernatorial contest of 1888. The Republican candidate this year was not a strong candidate, while his competitor was the most popular Democrat in the state, and was backed by the influence of every railway corporation in Vermont. The result is very encouraging to Republicans everywhere. It shows that on the tariff question the masses stand where they did in 1888, and is a presage of a sweeping national victory for Republicanism in November. The total vote was small, because this election was the first under the Australian law; many citizens were unacquainted with the routine of voting under it, and did not go to the polls, while many ballots were thrown out for informality.

In England one person in every 39 is a pauper; in America the rate is one person in every 680. This is one short lesson for free traders.

Sullivan should go back to Boston and run for Congress on the Democratic ticket, as he talked of doing two years ago.

Since Commissioner Peck's report came out, Cleveland has stopped fishing and gone to thinking.

Our Sewing Machine.

The Success It Has Had—Preparing to Fill All Orders—The Guarantee We Give.

The New Blade Sewing Machine has now been long enough before the public to demonstrate that it is a complete success. Hundreds of them have been in use for months, and the testimony of purchasers is that it is as good a machine, in every respect, as those which retail all over the country at from $45 to $60. That is to say, it not only does as good work, as perfect, and covering as great a range of goods, from leather or the heaviest cloth to the finest cambric in thickness; but it is as well made, of as good materials, as finely finished, and in any and every respect the equal of the highest-priced machines. Of course, it is far superior to the cheaper machines.

As to price, other newspapers sell you a cheap machine, not one-half so good, for $22 and upward; we give you the machine and The Weekly Blade one year for $18. You save money, get a first-class machine and a copy of the best weekly newspaper in the United States for less money than one of those cheap and unsatisfactory machines would cost you.

We sold hundreds of the New Blade Machines last fall, and we do not know of one that is not doing good work and giving perfect satisfaction to its purchaser. During the past summer we have made no special effort to push the machine, but we have been selling an average of five or six per day, right along. We can recommend the machine unreservedly now, for it has been tested in hundreds of homes, and proved itself worthy of the full guarantee we give. We know it is going to sell enormously this fall, and we have prepared ourselves to meet the demand. We have facilities to furnish fifty machines per day this fall and winter, and we expect to sell at that rate during the renewal season of subscriptions. We have had letters from a great many people who stated that they contemplated purchasing a machine after harvest, and we are now ready to fill their orders.

There is no risk whatever in purchasing a New Blade Sewing Machine. We advertise that, in case any machine does not give satisfaction after fair trial, we will replace it with a new machine or refund the money, as you prefer. In all the machines thus far sold we have in only three or four instances been called upon to replace a machine, and this was because of injury in transit. We have never had but one call to refund the money—which we did—and we think this was from a person who really did not want a machine; for when it came back it was in perfect order. On the other hand, we have received hundreds of letters from purchasers who are not only entirely satisfied but more than pleased with their machines. Read the advertisement of the machine on another page.

Read the Question Bureau this week. You will find there some important matters bearing on the present political campaign.

ADLAI'S TREASONABLE RECORD.

The free trade papers, with their usual talent for misrepresentation, are whining that the Republican press is attacking Adlai Stevenson because, when drafted, he sent a substitute to the war. This is false. Many men whose thorough loyalty could not be impeached, sent substitutes, even without being drafted. The objection to Stevenson is not because he sent a substitute, but because he was thoroughly disloyal. He was opposed to the prosecution of the war for the perpetuity of the Union, he gave its enemies aid and comfort, and was a member of a treasonable organization working secretly for the success of the Southern Confederacy. Here is Adlai's record, with the proofs:

"Stevenson said he was glad Lincoln had been shot and that he should have been killed earlier."—Affidavit of William B. Whiffen, editor of the Metamora Sentinel, where Stevenson resided in 1862.

"Stevenson was throughout the war a friend of the Copperheads."—Affidavit of Rev. G. B. Snedeker, pastor of the Methodist church in Mr. Stevenson's home in 1862.

"Stevenson sold revolvers to traitors."—Affidavit of August 6, 1892, of Parker Gardner, Wabash, Ind.

"If 'General' Stevenson could produce even one little bit of speech or public utterance made by him in 1863 or 1864 in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war for the Union, or sustaining the hands of Abraham Lincoln, loyal people may forget, or believe themselves mistaken in their firm recollection that in 1863 and 1864 A. E. Stevenson was a rank copperhead politician and candidate for office in Woodford county."—Ex-Governor Hamilton, of Illinois, who lived at Bloomington during the war.

"Stevenson's name appeared on the record of membership of the Knights of the Golden Circle, which I captured."—Statement of Maj. J. Olmstead, now of Los Angeles, Cal.

FORAKER'S SPEECH.

The speech of ex-Governor Foraker at Woodsdale, on the occasion of the formal opening of the Ohio Republican campaign, shows that he has abated not one jot of his vim and vigor. As of old, he is the fearless and uncompromising exponent of Republicanism. The opening portion of his speech is devoted to a contrast between the two candidates for the Presidency—Harrison and Cleveland. No more graphic language was ever used than that in which Mr Foraker, in well-chosen words, holds up the records of the two men, side by side, for comparison and criticism.

The speech is a bugle-note, ringing loud and clear over the Republican camp, summoning the hosts to battle once again with the unpatriotic Democratic cohorts under their free trade leader, Cleveland, and to bring to the latter next November what Wellington brought to Napoleon—his Waterloo.

The thinking men among the working classes, who are getting good wages, are thinking very hard, and concluding that they can not afford to vote for a party whose orators and organs make war on new industries, and slander the owners of large factories already established.

In 1880, one day's wages of an unskilled laborer bought 43.1 pounds of wheat flour; in 192, it buys 56.1 pounds—an increase of 30 per cent. Protection for the unskilled laborer did it.

The Democratic fight is to be made in Indiana, Connecticut and New Jersey. New York is gone, and all conservative Democrats admit that it will cast its vote for Harrison.

It is suggested that Editor Pulitzer's corruption fund be used to keep "wobbly" Democrats in line, as it can not buy any of the Northwestern states.

Up to date the breweries in Wisconsin were still waiting for a view of Col. Pulitzer's "Carry-the-West" fund.

David B. Hill says he regrets the publication of Peck's report, but he winks his off eye as he says it.

BLAINE'S LETTER TO MANLEY.

James G. Blaine has written an open letter on the issues of the campaign to Chairman Manley, of the Maine state central Republican committee, on the issues of the pending contest. Though intended principally for the Republicans of the Pine Tree state, the myriad admirers of the Plumed Knight all over the Union will be glad to read his clear, ringing, convincing arguments on the three great issues to be decided by the national battle—the tariff, reciprocity and national currency.

As to the first, Mr. Blaine shows that the new tariff law is vindicated by its workings. The things said of it by its foes during the campaign of 1890, when it had just gone into effect, and before its results could be known, are shown to be utterly false. As he says, "Agriculture is remunerative, manufactures are prosperous and commerce is more flourishing than at any previous time."

On reciprocity, Mr. Blaine calls attention to the fact that it is not free trade in cerain articles, but rather a bargain, to the mutual advantage of the United States and the nations accepting it. We said to the nations which send to us sugar, molasses, coffee and hides, "What will you give, if we allow these articles to come in free of duty?" They indicated what duties on our exports they would take off; and we have thus created a valuable trade by those bargains, instead of throwing away our advantage by making these non-competing imports free to all, without exacting a reciprocal favor. It must not be forgotten that the trade of every civilized country is protected by a tariff, save that of Great Britain alone. For us to declare free trade would not give free trade for our exports to these countries.

On the subject of a national currency, Mr. Blaine's words are worthy of serious consideration. His picture of our paper currency before the war is not one whit overdrawn. There are thousands of men all over the Union who will recognize it as an absolutely faithful exposition of the facts. The results that would follow the repeal of the 10 per cent tax on private bank circulation, demanded by the Democratic national platform, are clearly shown, and the absolute fatuity of the Democracy in urging a backward step in this matter made plain to the dullest comprehension.

His letter closes with the advice not to "multiply issues"—that is, not to allow the enemy to divert public attention from these three dominant ones, on which the contest necessarily turns. The advice is good. The letter of President Harrison destroys the so-called "force bill" issue forever, by showing that it is not Republican policy to attempt the enactment of any law for the federal control of elections, but rather to secure a non-partisan commission to recommend what constitutional and statutory changes are needed to secure honest elections, and prevent partisan gerrymanders in the interest of any party. Keep to the vital issues, and ignore false ones.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The death of John Greenleaf Whittier, the loved "Quaker poet," is not only a loss to American literature, but is the passing away of one of the few historic figures remaining who were leaders in the great struggle against human slavery in the United States. Not only was he a leader in the anti-slavery crusade, but the editor of the chief anti-slavery journal of the time, the Pennsylvania Freeman, his fearless and fervid utterances in which led to the sacking and burning of its printing office by a mob. Guided by his unflinching conviction of the sin and shame of slavery, for a generation his burning lyrics were the inspiration of the gathering forces marshalled to overthrow slavery and eventually the slave power.

Though not in active political life, and by nature the antithesis of the practical politician, no single man did more to create the public sentiment which brought into being the Republican party, which came into the arena of national politics to dispute the proposed extension of slavery into the territories of the United States. From his seclusion in the quiet village of Amesbury, Mass., he sent forth messages of liberty, couched in poetic form, which were reprinted from one end of the land to the other, causing men's hearts to burn within them, and consecrating them to the cause of freedom and progress.

Then came the war, which swept away the curse; and the generation which has arisen since then knows Whittier better as the poet of homely rural life than as the apostle of human rights. Save Longfellow alone, he has been the most popular of American poets. His themes are those of every-day life and experiences, and his popularity is largely because he puts into poetic form the feelings and aspirations of the masses of the people, drawn from contemporary life in his own country. Though simplicity is a marked characteristic of his poetry, the thought and inspiration are up to the highest level of mentality among the American people. He is never a metaphysician, not concerning himself with the recondite problems of existence; there breathes through his poetry a genial piety, the loving trust of a child in an All-wise Father, in whose wisdom and beneficence all can safely confide, without troubling over questions which, from their very nature, can never be solved by a finite mind.

The Bourbons are getting scared down South. At a Democratic ratification meeting at Danville, Va., ex-Judge Green, in his speech, declared that "Any Democrat who will vote the third party ticket is a coward, a scoundrel and a traitor, and ought to be hanged." Did the crowd which applauded this murderous sentiment stop to think that it utterly contravenes freedom of speech and of political action, and puts a stumbling-block in the path of progress?

Senator Sherman sums up the facts in the one truthful and comprehensive statement that "on the whole, the McKinley law is the fairest and best tariff, not only for revenue, but for protection, that has had a place on our statute books." His letter deserves wide circulation as a campaign document.

It makes a sickening chill go down Grover's spine as he thinks that Corbett, a Republican, defeated Sullivan, a Democrat. He fears it may be a straw showing how the wind will blow next November.

The New York World of Monday remarked editorially, "To-morrow something will drop in Vermont." Correct for once. The Democratic vote took a decided drop—being smaller than it has been for years.

"Ichabod" is written after John L. Sullivan's name, and it will be written after Grover's this fall.

FREE TRADE FALLACIES.

The Story of Michael's Socks.

Several readers of The Blade have sent to us the dolorous story of Michael Doran's socks. That gentleman is, we believe, a street car driver in the city of Rochester, New York, who addressed the following letter to Governor McKinley:

The Hon William McKinley—Dear Sir:—I read your speeches in the House of Representatives during the Fifty-first Congress, when the tariff bill was under discussion, in which you asserted and made me believe that the foreigners paid our taxes. I also read your speech as presiding officer of the Republican National convention at Minneapolis, in which you asserted again that the foreigners paid our taxes. My mother sent me a dozen pairs of socks from Ireland a few days ago, each pair being worth about 20 cents. My cousin, who brought them to me, had to pay 25 cents a pair tariff duties on the socks at the New York custom house. Will you please be kind enough to tell me to what foreign government I shall apply to have that $3 refunded to me? If the foreigner pays the tax, as you say he does, I am entitled to get my money back, but I do not know just exactly to what foreign government to apply, and I hope you will be kind enough to inform me by return mail. Yours truly,

MICHAEL DORAN.

For the benefit of those (evidently Democrats) who have sent us copies of the above, let us say that Michael could have bought socks undoubtedly equally as good, of American make, at 20 cents a pair, and the duty would not have bothered him in the least. But the socks in question, being a present from a relative, evidently muddled his honest head, and beclouded his judgment. Let us discuss the matter of the duty on socks in general, eliminating the family element.

The duty on knitted wool fabrices, which includes socks, is 27 1-2 cents per pound and 35 per cent ad valorem. Assuming that the socks were of average weight, the dozen probably weighed two pounds. The duty therefore on the dozen was $1.39, or 11 1-2 cents a pair. Michael, however, says his cousin paid 25 cents a pair duty. We fear the cousin must have made a profit on that deal. If the socks were worth 20 cents a pair, it would be impossible for a dozen to have weighed enough to bring the duty up to that figure.

Now, let us allow the mother to represent the foreign manufacturer, the cousin in New York the American importer, and Michael the buyer. Now, American-made socks of as good quality can be bought here at 15 to 20 cents a pair. Hence, to sell foreign-made socks, the price asked must be low enough to compete with American ones of the same grade. Hence the foreign manufacturer puts his price down as low as possible, say at 10 cents a pair. The importer pays the duty, the socks thus costing him, duty paid 21 1-2 cents. He puts in a very narrow margin of profit, and sells them at 25 cents a pair—knowing full well that there are plenty of fools in the country who have the erroneous belief that foreign goods are better than those made here, and that they will pay 25 cents a pair for them rather than 20 cents a pair for domestic ones.

Now, in this case, who has paid the duty? The importer reduced his price to the importer because of the duty, and paid about one-half of it indirectly—that is, he let the importer have them that much cheaper than he otherwise would; the importer paid one-fourth the duty in his narrower margin of profit; and the buyer paid the rest.

Now, suppose there were no duty. The foreign manufacturer could continue to sell at the same low rate for a time, and the importer could sell at a fair profit, and still undersell the American product. Then the American manufacturers here, finding it impossible to make any money and compete with the imported goods, would quit the business. When American competition ceased, the foreign manufacturer could and would increase his price, the importer make money because his sales had increased so much, and the purchaser here would pay at least as much, and probably more, than he did for American socks. Where would the cheapness come in? Would free trade help the American consumer? That is the lesson of Michael's socks, carried out to its full extent. It will bear a good deal of study, although it is a homely illustration, and somewhat after the kindergarten plan of instruction.

THE CHOLERA DANGER.

Dr. L. T. Armstrong, in a contribution to the New York Medical Journal, takes the ground that there is but slight danger from an epidemic of cholera this year. He shows that in four of the ten years in which the United States has suffered from epidemic cholera, it "entered the country in part by the New York quarantine, though in each of these four years there was an almost contemporary introduction of the disease via Canada or New Orleans. In five years, 1855, 1856, 1867, 1873 and 1887, the New York quarantine was entirely successful in preventing the disease from coming ashore, though in each year there was cholera on shipboard in the harbor, as there is at this moment," And as there is now a far better equipment of the quarantine station than ever before, and the means of disinfecting clothing and ships are far superior, he thinks the danger of the disease passing quarantine is much less than it was in any of the years named. He pertinently says: "If the cholera could be kept out in 1887 by the meager, unscientific and inadequate appliances of that year, the arrest of the disease under the present greatly improved conditions will depend solely upon the vigilance and capability of the quarantine officials."

As there is no question that the quarantine officers are exceedingly vigilant, realizing fully the weighty responsibility resting upon them of keeping the cholera out of the country, we may well feel assured that the real danger is comparatively small. The probabilities are that the pest will not reach land this fall. The real danger is from the unsuspected importation of the germs of the disease in the clothing and household goods of emigrants, during the winter season, to break out at some interior point early next summer. In 1832, cholera was introduced into this country by an immigrant who had come into the United States by way of Canada the year previous, and was the first victim of the 3,512 which the plague carried off in New York city. The epidemic of 1866 began on May 1, the infection having come in during the previous winter. That of 1849—the most severe visitation of cholera in this country—began in the early spring, among immigrants who had come over during cold weather. The point of danger is the winter immigration, not the disease present in the vessels in New York harbor.

The New York Standard, a paper started by Henry George to boom his "single tax" theory, has died. The men who had been keeping it alive refused to contribute more money for the purpose. The query is pertinent, what advantage did they expect from a practical confiscation of land by the government?

IMMIGTATION IS STOPPED.

For once our British cousins are applauding President Harrison. It is because of his order imposing a quarantine of twenty days upon all vessels with immigrants. British law, it seems, does not admit of a resort to such a measure, even to protect the nation from the most deadly scourge of modern days. But President Harrison saw that the occasion was one requiring extraordinary measures, and remembering the motto, "The welfare of the people should be the supreme law," unhesitatingly took the proper steps to exclude cholera.

The practical effect of the President's order is to stop immigration until all danger of the importation of the disease has passed. No steamer will start with immigrants with the knowledge that she will be detained twenty days or more at quarantine before she can land them. She can not afford to lose nearly a month's time each trip. The result will be that no immigrants will be brought to this country.

If cholera becomes more virulent in Europe, and there is danger of infection from cabin passengers, then the order must be made to include them also, or Congress must be convened in extraordinary session to legislate to that end, if the authority dies not lie in the President's hands. Public sentiment will support any measure which shall prevent the loss of life and the stagnation of business which would come from an epidemic of cholera in the United States.

The Richmond, Va., Dispatch is Democratic to the core, but it can not accept the demagogic resolution of the Chicago platform in favor of repealing the 10 per cent tax on the circulation of state banks. It sarcastically shows up the fraud of that plank as follows:

Let us hurry up the establishment of state banks, so that we may have at Chicago next year an abundance of currency which nobody from any other country in the world would accept as currency. Let us have notes on the Bungtown Bank, the Distant Bank, the Unknown Bank, and all the cities, towns, villages and hamlets in the United States. This currency you may possibly be able to palm off on the unsuspecting natives, but we will wager our brightest gold piece that no "blasted foreigner" will accept as currency or as a substitute for money bank notes which will hasten home from all the money centers, and be less current in Chicago itself than greenbacks are in Europe. We have no fear that the people of the United States will lose their heads on this subject. We have a good currency. Let us not debase it.

VEST'S VIRULENCE.

Senator Vest, of Missouri, will be remembered as the gentleman who, in 1888, declared that "the Democratic party challenged the protected industries of the United States to a war of extermination," which virulent utterance aided in the smashing defeat the Democracy received that year. Mr. Vest apparently is as venomous as ever and has little regard for truth when arguing on the tariff. In his speech of June 6, he declared that the Arlington woolen mills declared a dividend of 50 per cent in 1891; that this profit was made possible because the company belongs to a trust; that the mill uses shoddy in its goods, and that it crowds down the wages of its operators to the lowest point.

Mr. Whitman, the treasurer of the Arlington mills, thereupon showed that the dividend declared in 1891 by the mill was only 6 per cent; that the mill is not connected with any trust, and that there is no trust in woolen manufacturing; that they never used a pound of shoddy, and that they were paying higher wages than ever before. This put Vest in a very bad hole; but instead of acknowledging his falsifications, he attempted to justify them, and made matters worse.

He asserted that Mr. Whitman knowingly lied about the dividend matter. He said: "It is true that the Arlington mills did not declare a dividend of 50 per cent, as I stated in my speech of June 6, but they declared a dividend of 6 per cent, as he asserts, and then put into their surplus $900,000." He was discreetly silent as to the other points in the first charge, thereby acknowledging their falsity.

Then Mr. Whitman knocked the ground completely from under the Missouri free trader by showing that the surplus represented "an accumulation of profits extending over more than a quarter of a century," and fortified this by a sworn statement from the auditor of the manufacturing company. It is a common thing to accumulate a surplus, to be used in extending the plant, rebuilding, renewing the machinery, tiding over the losses of an unprofitable year, and so on. The entire charge af Mr. Vest is thus shown to be absolutely false, and evidently made with intent to deceive the people. It shows the virulence of Vest's hostility to our manufacturing industries, and marks him as a man unworthy of credence in any political statement he may make.

Another Democratic official has been compelled to join Labor Commissioner Peck in recording the fact in an official report that the new tariff law has increased wages. This time it is Commissioner Peele, chief of the Indiana state bureau of Statistics. He shows that there has been a marked increase in wages in all the manufacturing centers of Indiana. Like Peck, he is a Democrat, and chosen to his present position as a Democrat; but he can not reconcile it with his conscience to distort and misrepresent facts to bolster a partisan cause. No doubt some indignant free trader will charge that Peele's report was dictated by David B. Hill, of New York, but it will have no more effect than did the same charge concerning Peck's report, when the fact was made known that Peck is one of Grover Cleveland's own appointees, and began the investigation on which his report is based in 1890, long before it was known that Cleveland would be the nominee of his party for the Presidency this year.

The European plan of semi-political alliances between nations is being tried, on in South America. Peru, Bolivia and the Argentine Republic have made an offensive and defensive treaty among themselves as against other countries, with the result that Chile and Brazil have done the same thing. There is much jealousy between these countries, and there is a possibility of a war involving all five. It is to be lamented that the Spanish-American republics do not devote themselves to the arts of peace rather than foster international animosities which can only be settled by ruinous wars.

There needs to be an awakening of public sentiment against unjust and unfair elections among the better class of people in Arkansas. Fraud is charged by the wholesale, and the good name of the state suffers. Her citizens should start on the march of progress, and get out of the mire of narrow prejudice.

Labor Commissioner Peck's report shows that the average yearly earnings of all workmen engaged in machinery manufacturing increased from $533.95 in 1890 to $594.06 in 1891. The new tariff law promoted the industry, led to higher wages, and did not increase the cost to the purchaser.

Corner the Free Traders!

Where the Free Trade Theory Lands Its Advocates—Try Your Free Trade Neighbors on These Questions.

We believe firmly that there are thousands of well-meaning Democrats who are supporting free trade simply because they have been misled by theoretical discussions of the tariff, leading to conclusions directly at variance with with the facts as proven by actual experience, or by deliberate falsification as to facts by conscienceless Democratic papers and stump speakers.

We propound below a series of questions. Take the paper and show them to some free trade neighbor, and ask him to answer them. If he gets angry and goes to abusing The Blade, that means that he is cornered. You remember the old lawyer's advice to a young one just beginning practice: "When you have no case, abuse the other side's attorney."

If he undertakes to reply, ask him to answer the entire list, without omission. If he does, we do not see how he can avoid acknowledging that the result of free trade will be less work and lower wages. If he replies to them by an argument which evades this, or an answer which you can not meet, please send us what he says, as well as his name and address, and we will reply to it in The Blade. Here are the questions:

Questions for Free Traders.

1.—Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, says the purpose of free trade is to increase importations of foreign-made articles. If this be its effect, then does it not follow that there will be fewer articles manufactured in the United States?

If so, then does it not follow that there will be less work for workmen engaged in manufacturing in the United States?

Then does not free trade mean less work for all manufacturing employes, or else that a large proportion of them shall be thrown out of work entirely?

2.—England imports the bulk of her raw materials of manufacture from other countries; her cotton, for instance, she gets chiefly from us. Is it probable she gets her raw materials any cheaper than do we?

The cost of raw material and the cost of labor are the two great factors of cost of the finished product. It is admitted that English manufacturers produce many articles cheaper than do we. Now, if raw material costs as much there, does it not follow that the cost of labor is cheaper there than here—that is, that wages are lower for the same class of work?

Then, without any tariff on competing products from England imported into this country, does it not follow that our manufacturers could not compete in cheapness with English ones, unless the wages of their workmen were reduced?

Then does it not follow that the Democratic free trade programme means both (1) less work for workmen in manufacturing, and (2) less wages for those employed?

3.—Is there any record of dulness in any one of the great lines of wage-working, with part of the workers thrown out of employment entirely, and the remainder working at a considerable reduction in wages, that this state of things did not affect all other wage-workers to some extent?

(A) Would not those thrown out of work entirely seek employment in other occupations outside of manufacturing?

(B) Would not those whose wages had been reduced endeavor to find employment in other occupations in which wages were not reduced?

(C) Would not the reduction of the output of manufactories reduce the demand for raw materials? For instance, in the iron industry, would not this reduce the amount of ore required to be mined, the amount of coal needed to manufacture that ore into pig iron and the pig iron into bar iron and steel, and thus reduce the number of miners needed in coal and iron mines, workmen in blast furnaces and rolling mills? And would not the same thing be true in many other industries?

Would not these three factors produce an excess of labor over the demand, with the same result which has always followed such a condition—a reduction of wages to all men working for wages or salary?

Once in a while a Democratic editor forgets himself, and tells the truth about the advantages the American workingmen enjoy over the workingmen of all other lands. The latest example is the Philadelphia Times, of which Col. A. K. McClure is editor. In an editorial article on Labor Day, the Times said:

The cold facts are that the working classes in this country are so much better off than elsewhere that the working people of the old countries crowd every immigrant ship to share in their prosperity. The working people enjoy more privileges and enjoy more prosperity in this country than any other and enjoy them in greater measure now than at any former period. In other words, the condition of the American workmen continues to improve with that of the rest of the community and probably in very near the same ratio. This being the case the working people could not make better use of the leisure of their great holiday than by resolving to let well enough alone during the coming year.

This is true in every word and line; but it is in marked contrast to the calamity howls of the other editorial articles in the Times. It is singular that a free trade paper should tell the truth—in fact so remarkable that it merits special mention and commendation. The fact is that the protective policy has placed the American workingman far above those of other lands. Why, then, should they not let well enough alone? It would be the height of foolishness to disturb a condition of prosperity and substitute a plan, the first effect of which must be to reduce wages and make work scarcer.

What intelligent man can find fault with the position of President Harrison on the silver question? He stated it luminously in his letter of acceptance, in the following words:

I am thoroughly convinced that the free coinage of silver, at such a ratio to gold as will maintain the equality in their commercial uses of the two coined dollars, would conduce to the prosperity of all the great producing and commercial nations of the world. The one essential condition is that these dollars shall have and retain an equal acceptability and value in all commercial transactions.

He is not a gold monometallist like Cleveland, nor a silver monometallist like Weaver, but a bimetallist. He believes in the use of both silver and gold as full money metals, but knows that the only practicable way of securing this is by changing our old and untrue coinage ratio between the two metals to a figure that will express the actual relation between their commercial values.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Queen Victoria's new dining room at Osborne cost $100,000, and she paid for it herself.

Mount McGregor is preparing to welcome Mrs. Frank Leslie, who is expected there soon for an extended visit.

Empress Frederick, of Germany, will spend the first part of the winter in England with Queen Victoria.

Miss Sarah Pollard owns a half section of land in Polk county, Minn., which she works without any help except in harvest season.

Mrs. Isaac Bell, who has been summering at Newport, has sailed for Europe, where she will join her brother, James Gordon Bennett.

Nathaniel H. Miller, of Company A, Seventh Pennsylvania veteran cavalry, one of Jefferson Davis's captors, is living in Shelbyville, Ind.

F. B. Gault, city superintendent of the schools at Tacoma, Wash., has accepted the presidency of the University of Idaho, located at Moscow.

Mrs. Hetty Green's millions number thirty-two. Mrs. Green is fifty-five years old and is the daughter of a New Bedford whaler who left her $9,000,000.

Brevet Major General George L. Andrews, professor of modern languages at West Point, was retired on Wednesday, after forty years of honorable service.

Rev. Dr. Milburn, the blind preacher and ex-Chaplain of the House of Representatives, has completed a work on the early history of the Mississippi Valley.

It is thought probable that Rev. William Croswell Doane, of Albany, will succeed Mr. Curtis as chancellor of the board of regents of the University of New York.

In the city of Rome, N. Y., there is a colored colony whose spiritual wants for the past four years have been ministered to by a colored woman, Mrs. M. R. Vilhodas.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a most charming hostess. Her summer home, "The Bungalow," is a little paradise, and, like the home of the wise man, "is founded upon a rock."

Ex-Senator William McConnell, whom the Idaho Republicans have nominated for governor, was one of the great caravan of gold seekers who crossed the plains in the early days.

When Mrs. Felton takes the stump, which she will do shortly, she will be the first woman that has attempted the feat of making political campaign speeches.

A new clock ("Great Paul") is being built for St. Paul's cathedral in England. The bell upon which the clock will strike weighs seventeen tons, with a hammer weighing 680 pounds.

The only woman in England who is proprietor, editor and manager of a newspaper is Mrs. Comyns, of the Feathered World, the circulation of which paper is 20,000 weekly.

Joel Chandler Harris, author of the "Uncle Remus" sketches, is about to revisit his birthplace on the African coast, where his parents were once engaged in missionary work.

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

Here are a few of the letters received the past week from people who have bought the New Blade Sewing Machine. Read them, and see for yourself what they say:

Sauk Center, Minn., Sept. 10.—Publishers' Blade:—You are entitled to thanks for the promptness in filling my order for the Blade sewing machine. The freight was $1.39. It is as good as the $40 machine sold in this place. It is pleasing to the eye, and to the operator. I can't see why men will pay from $35 to $75 for a machine, when they can get just as good a one for less than $20; but they will do it, and then howl and kick because the tariff "robs" the poor laborer. Yours, etc.,
DAVID WILCOX.

East Charleston, Pa., Sept. 9.—Publishers Blade:—Our machine came all right on September 3. We think it is just splendid—as good as my uncle is selling for $27 and $35. Yours respectfully,
NORMAN L. PRESTON.

Valparaiso, Ind., Sept. 8.—Publishers Blade:—The new Blade sewing machine gives perfect satisfaction. Yours truly,
C. A. FRAZIER.

Moundsville, W. Va., Aug. 15—Publishers Blade:—I received my Sewing Machine quite safe, and am well pleased with it. It is as represented. Freight, 34 cents. Many thanks for so good a machine.
EMILY HAMBLETON.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

The new Australian ballot law seems to have had the same effect upon the total vote in Maine as in Vermont—to reduce it. Many voters in both states seemed indisposed to undertake to vote under its novel and, to them, ill-understood provisions; while numbers of ballots were thrown out because of errors in marking and filling out.

However, the old Pine Tree State rolls up a Republican majority, estimated at this writing at 11,000, in a total vote something like 12,000 less than in 1888. All four Republican candidates for Congress are elected—and it is worthy of special mention that the majorities of Messrs. Reed and Dingley are larger than they were two years ago. Maine is all right, and the Democratic campaign of "education" in free trade does not seem to have had any tangible result.

THEY LIKE "NASBY IN EXILE,"

Here are a few recent letters from subscribers to the Weekly Blade who have purchased and read "Nasby in Exile:"

Annapolis, Ind., Sept. 6.—Publishers Blade:—I ordered a copy of "Nasby in Exile" last year, and although I read it when published in The Blade in '81-2, it was again perused with sincere delight. The illustrations greatly enhance the value of the work. It is not, as many suppose, a dull, uninteresting description of antiquated cities, ruined towers, etc., but treats mostly of the people as the author saw them, showing their customs, vices and virtues, the whole being enlivened by Mr. Nasby's droll philosophy.

To the student of human nature this volume presents many attractions, and to all such I can cheerfully recommend it. Mr. Tibbitt's laudable attempts to reform and his remarkable success are especially interesting. You will miss a rare treat if you neglect the opportunity to procure a copy of "Nasby in Exile."
BENTON BOWMAN.

Mack's Creek, Mo., Sept. 1.—Publishers Blade:—For the information of those who have not seen the book offered by The Blade to yearly subscribers for $1, I would like to say I have the book and like it the best of anything in the way of a description of all the countries that D. R. Locke visited, for it is given in a short and interesting way, calculated to interest every one. It gives you a wide spread idea of the country and also of the usages of the people. After a man reads that book he knows for a certainty that we have the best form of government under the sun.
W. L. LEA.

Garwin, Iowa, Aug. 31.—Publishers Blade:—I received the book, "Nasby in Exile," and have read it through with intense interest. There is not a dry page in it. Had I paid $1 for it, I consider it cheap; but it was actually a present. The Blade is like wine—the older it grows, the better it becomes. Yours truly,
E. AMBLE.

Mount Vernon, Iowa, Sept. 5.—Publishers Blade:—I saw a request in The Blade asking those who got your book, "Nasby in Exile," to say how they liked it. I wish to say that I think it is very fine. There are about thirteen in my family, and they can hardly wait for one another to get through. I think that The Blade is one of the best papers in the land.

OUR HISTORICAL CHART.

Read the following letters recently received, telling how its purchasers like our Historical and Political Chart:

Minera P. O., Tex., Sept. 2.—Publishers Blade:—My wife, Mrs. D. D. Davies, received the Historical Chart that you mailed her O. K. I think the chart is an excellent one, and every head of a family should try and have one for his children, for they can learn more history in three months from this chart than they can in school for years. Yours truly,
D. D. DAVIES.

Congo, Colo., Sept. 4.—Publishers Blade:—I received your map, and was well pleased with it. Yours truly,
E. C. GILBERT.

OUR CAMPAIGN PRICES.

Our short-time rates for the Weekly Blade for the Presidential campaign are now ready for anybody on application. We have made them so low as to barely cover the cost of the white paper on which The Blade is printed.

The Weekly Blade is the only weekly newspaper which is edited with a view to its circulation in every state and territory of the Union. It is the most popular paper in the country, and has the largest circulation of any weekly political newspaper in the United States.

While we have made our short term rates as low as we can possibly afford, with a view to obtaining large lists at every postoffice, we want correspondence from the Chairman of every Republican campaign committee who sees this, especially from those who desire to circulate from 100 to 500 or more copies of The Blade in their counties. To those we will make special terms. Write for them!

We also want lists of names from anybody and everybody who takes an interest in Republican success, and will take the trouble to send them. To each name we will send specimen copies of The Blade. We hope every reader of The Blade will send us from 10 to 100 names, and that immediately.

We also desire the address of the chairman of every Republican county committee in the Union, and hope that some reader, in every county, will send the name and address of the chairman of his county, at once.

Upon the terms we have made for short time subscriptions, anybody can raise a club of 20 to 50 names in a few hours, and that at a profit to themselves, as well as to the benefit of the Republican party of the nation.

Grover Cleveland, letter-writer extraordinary to the Democratic party, evidently believes the pen is mightier than the sword. But it depends much upon what a fellow writes, dear Grover. Mr. Peck, for instance, wrote a little labor report the other day, which knocked more stuffing out of the Democratic campaign than you can put back through all the letters you could write for the next four years.

Senator Edmunds's characterization of the mugwumps is unexcelled and unapproachable. He refers to them as "those of our fellow citizens who think that foreign trade and foreign industry are better for us than home work and home trade."

The 72 New York delegates to the Chicago convention declared formally, over their signatures, that Grover Cleveland could not be elected if nominated. Note the fact that not one of these has retracted that assertion.

The Democrats do not refer to Elwood when lying about tin plate. The real stuff turned out there is too much for the most cheerful falsifier.

Publishers' Desk.

OUR GREAT HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL CHART.

Some time ago we discontinued the advertisement of the above chart in the Weekly Blade, but we still receive so many orders from readers who want it, that we have concluded to fill orders, for a short time, for it and the Weekly Blade at $1.75 for the two; but the offer will soon be withdrawn to make room for new premiums. This Chart is a great political educator, useful in every family where there is young people, as well as for their elders. It is one of the best and most compact resumes of political history, statistics and geographical information ever compiled on one sheet. An hour's study of this Chart will give anybody ten dollars' worth of information. Nothing of the sort published for many years has had so large a sale as this. Read the advertisement in another column, and order during the month of September, without fail!

OUR PORTRAIT OF HARRISON.

We are sending out a magnificent portrait, from a very recent photograph, of President Harrison, which shows him exactly as he looks to-day. This portrait is not the same as that we gave with the Weekly Blade four years ago, but is an entirely new one, engraved since the Minneapolis convention. It is very much larger, very much finer, and printed on better paper than that we offered as a premium in 1888.

We cannot give the portrait to all subscribers to the Weekly Blade this year, as we did before, because it is too expensive to present to low-priced campaign club subscribers. But we will send a copy of this new Harrison portrait to any person sending us

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for the Weekly Blade three months, or

FIFTY CENTS for the Weekly Blade six months, or

ONE DOLLAR for the Weekly Blade one year,

PROVIDED, the portrait is asked for when you send your order.

Of course, we do not mean to give but one premium to $1 yearly subscribers. Those who ask for the portrait must not expect any other premium in connection with their yearly subscriptions. Before the end of the campaign we will make an announcement for the benefit of our regular yearly subscribers to the Weekly Blade who want the portrait. Address all orders to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

THE BLADE POLITICAL PAMPHLETS FOR 1892.

We have just issued the first number of a series of political pamphlets for the coming Presidential campaign. It is called "The Blade Political Pamphlet, No. 1," with Hon. J. M. Ashley's appeal for the Proportional Distribution of Political Power in the Legislature of Every State.

It is a neat pamphlet of 43 pages, in large clear type, on good paper, and will be sent by mail to any address for SIX CENTS (three 2-cent stamps). By express, $4 per 100. Simply order "Blade Political Pamphlet No. 1." Political clubs will find in its pages much material for discussion on the dangerous tendencies in our political system.

Address all orders: "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

Our Blade tea sets and Blade washing machines were very popular premiums last year, and are often inquired for. The offers for both made last year hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of The Blade containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly Blade one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly Blade one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everbody can have a good copy at a very low price. We now offer the following:

"THE ROMAN CHARIOT RACE," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is in full colors, 17x24 inches in size, representing a race in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong orm around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses, make a scene of remarkable vigor.

"THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW—1814" by Messionier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In full colors, 17x24 inches in size. The great original painting was sold in Paris for $170,000.

"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRAETORIUM," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending from the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman governor of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction.

"NAPOLEON AT FRIEDLAND, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000.

"THE GRAND CANAL OF VENICE," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay.

"THE HORSE FAIR," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE WAY OF IT.

This is the way of it the wide world over;
One is beloved and one is the lover.
One gives and the other receives.
One lavishes all in a wild emotion.
One offers a smile for a life's devotion.
One hopes and the other believes.
One lies awake in the night to weep,
And the other drifts into a sweet, sound sleep.

One soul is aflame with a godlike passion,
One plays with love in an idler's fashion.
One speaks and the other hears.
One sobs, "I love you," and wet eyes show it,
And one laughs lightly and says, "I know it."
With smiles for the other's tears.
One lives for the other, and nothing beside,
And the other remembers the world is wide.

This is the way of it, sad world over;
The heart that breaks is the heart of the lover,
And the other learns to forget.
"For what is the use of endless sorrow?
Though the sun goes down it will rise tomorrow;
And life is not over yet."
Oh! I know this truth, if I know no other,
That Passionate Love is Pain's own mother.

Lighting Her Darkness.

A small farmer in Aberdeenshire, having a wife that had been long ailing and confined to bed, was of so niggardly disposition that he grudged the poor woman so much as a light. She, in a pet, one night exclaimed: "Oh, Isna this an unco thing that a puir body 'll nae get light to see to die." The husband rises up and lights a candle, and, placing it at the bedfoot, says to his wife: "There, dee noo!"—Scottish American.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

To all Readers Who Are Good at Forecasting Results.

Read Carefully What The Blade Says Below, and Then Look on This Page of Next Week's Issue.

We propose, in the next issue of the Weekly Blade, to make an offer to Republicans, Democrats, Populists and Prohibitionists—to men and women equally—to every subscriber to the The Blade, and to every one who will subscribe—by which they may—

First—Become sharers in a large number of awards, including one of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash, and a large number of smaller ones;

Second—Receive The Blade for one year absolutely free.

NOTE THIS!

There are four classes of persons who will be interested in the plan we propose. They are:

1.—All persons who are subscribers to the Weekly Blade now.

2.—All who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade now.

3.—Every Republican, male or female, in the United States.

4.—Every man or woman belonging to the Democratic or other parties.

The details of this plan will be published in full on this page of next week's issue of the Weekly Blade. Meanwhile, it will involve your judgment upon two points:

First—Who will be elected President of the United States at the election on November 8, next?

Second.—What will be the total POPULAR (not electoral) vote for all the candidates—that is, for Cleveland, Harrison, Weaver, Bidwell, and any other minor Presidential candidate?

Think over these two points carefully during the week. It will enable you to save valuable time.

As an aid to you in estimating what the total popular vote for President will be this year, we give you below the official figures of the total popular vote at the last four Presidential elections:

POPULAR VOTE, 1876.

Tilden, Dem.	4,284,885
Hayes, Rep.	4,033,950
Cooper, Greenback	81,740
Green Clay Smith, Proh.	9,522
Walker, American	2,636
Total vote, 1876	8,412,733

POPULAR VOTE, 1880.

Garfield, Rep.	4,449,053
Hancock, Dem.	4,442,035
Weaver, Gb.	307,306
Dow, Proh.	10,305
Phelps, American	707
Total vote, 1880	9,209,406

POPULAR VOTE, 1884.

Cleveland, Dem.	4,911,017
Blaine, Rep.	4,848,334
St. John, Proh.	151,809
Butler, People's	133,825
Total vote, 1884	10,044,985

POPULAR VOTE, 1888.

Cleveland, Dem.	5,538,233
Harrison, Rep.	5,440,216
Fisk, Proh.	249,907
Streeter, Union Labor	148,105
Cowdry, United Labor	2,808
Curtis, American	1,591
Total vote, 1888	11,380,860

Since the Presidential election of 1888, six new states have been admitted to the Union—North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming. They were Territories in 1888, and as the people in the Territories have no vote for the Presidency, they are of course not included in the above table. We give below the total vote of each of these six states at the last state election:

	Total vote.
North Dakota (governor, 1890)	36,480
South Dakota (governor, 1890)	77,607
Montana (congress, 1890)	31,060
Washington (congress 1890)	54,803
Idaho (governor, 1890)	18,210
Wyoming (governor, 1890)	16,032
Total	234,231

Study the above tables carefully. Note the rate of increase each four years; determine in your own mind what the increase this year will be; add what you think the total vote of the six new states will reach; and you will thus get close upon what the total vote for President this fall will be. Then you will be ready to take advantage of our offer without loss of valuable time.

As Democrats and others are as much interested in this matter as anybody else, tell all your neighbors about it, and have them send postal cards for sample copies of the Weekly Blade of September 22—or send their names in yourself. Address

"THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO."

TEACHING SCHOOL BOY GROVER.

WILLIAM'S LOST KNIFE.

The German Emperor Causes a Long Delay in Serving Dinner.

An incident which occurred on the occasion of the young German Emperor's visit to Greece illustrates anew the fact, which no one ever doubted, that the etiquette of a court may bring as much discomfort to the king as the people who surround him.

The Kaiser holds the honorary rank of admiral in the British navy. The commander of the British squadron in Greek waters tendered his majesty a dinner on board his ship. Of course the banquet was to be a most elaborate and magnificent affair.

The hour arrived, and the royal guest and his suite of officers, all in brilliant uniform, were assembled. Then it was discovered that an important implement was missing. Where was the emperor's knife and fork?

For the kaiser having but one arm that he can use—his left arm is withered—can wield the scepter, the sword or the pen; but cannot use a knife and fork as other people use them. In their place he employs an ingenious contrivance which combines in one implement both knife and fork, and does very well with it.

Just at the last moment it was discovered that the imperial knife and fork had not been placed by the imperial plate. It was sought for, but could not be found. The emperor's attendants were inquired of; no one knew where it was.

Then the knife and fork might have been left ashore perhaps. A hasty search crew were put into one of the ship's boats, and brawny backs bent over the oars, for the errand was one that called for dispatch. The emperor's quarters in the city were searched, but no knife and fork could be found.

All this time the dinner was spoiling. The search had been made with all possible energy, but it was now 4 hours since the table had lacked only the kaiser's knife and fork. But the dinner could not be eaten until the kaiser was ready to eat, and his eating implement must surely be found.

Perhaps before this time the happy thought had occurred to more than one person, "the emperor may know where it is."

But up to this time no one had volunteered to ask him. Would he, under the melancholy circumstances, take it amiss if he were questioned? Hunger rendered the host bold. With decorous delicacy the emperor was approached, and the momentous question was put: "Could he tell where his knife and fork might be found?"

"Why, yes, here it is," replied William II.; and reaching inside his uniform, he produced the much-sought implement from an inner pocket.

The host forthwith led the way to the table, not only greatly relieved in mind, but deeply impressed with the fact that the affairs of Germany were in safe hands.

Very Natural.

Ethel—Don't you think my Mr. Duplex is very natural in all he says and does?

Maud—Yes, I guess he is one of those freaks of nature you read about.—N. Y. Herald.

A Wise Chairman.

The Chairman—The chair will not dispute the point with Mr. Carter.

Mr. Carter—The chair had better not unless he takes his coat off.

The chair did not.—Tid Bits.

A Hint to Wives.

Men are so peculiar that as a rule a man tells his wife the most when she asks him the least questions. A turtle will keep its head in if it is poked and bothered, and a man is a great deal like a turtle.—Atchison Globe.

Art Compulsion.

First Artist—I see Dauber has taken his wife as a model for one of his angels.

Second Artist—Yes; she'd snatch him bald if he didn't.—New York Weekly.

The Recipe.

Six months' anticipation,
Six days of recreation,
One night of dissipation,
Six months' recuperation.
Make up the annual vacation.
—N. Y. Herald.

ROMANCE IN WHITTIER'S LIFE.

The Story Connected With the Poet's Most Attractive Verses.

Whittier's poem, "In School Days," is one with which even the school children are familiar. Some way the sweet verses are very easy to learn by heart, and when they are once committed to memory they have a way of lingering there long after the school children have become grown men and women. It is said that the one romance of Whittier's life was woven about the tangle-haired girl who long years ago had said she loved him; and Whittier's bachelor life is traced by those who love romances to his love for her. Iconoclasts take pleasure in contradicting and ridiculing this story; but those who believe in it are much happier in their belief than are those who deny it in their historical accuracy.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And blackberry vines are running;

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official,
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter's sun
Shone over it a setting;
Lit up its western window panes
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy,
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes, he felt
The soft hands light caressing,
And heard the trembling of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because," the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss
Like her—because they love him.

A Desideratum.

Poet—"I have written fifty trifle to fill a long felt want."

Editor—"What is the want?"

Poet—"A full bread basket."—Truth.

A Match Breaker.

Mrs. Brown—I wish, my dear, that you would get married.

Cora—I probably would if you had father send little Johnnie to boarding school.—New York Sun.

Satisfied.

Barber—Your hair is getting very thin on top, sir.

Customer—That's the way I like it. I'd look well with a bushy top and thin edges to my scalp, wouldn't I?—Puck.

His Last Excuse.

Jaggles—What were that suicide's last words?

Waggles—"I didn't know it was loaded."—New York Sun.

An Indorsement.

Old Hayseed is a simple wight,
Quite far, indeed, from being sage.
I think that man was very right
Who said he was "a green old age."
—Puck.

ELWOOD TIN PLATE.

The Great New Factory Turning Out American Tin Plate in Vast Quantities.

Elwood, Ind., Sept. 12.—(Special.)—A visit to the tin-plate works in operation at this place, forty miles north of Indianapolis, will convince the most skeptical that genuine tin plate can be and is made in America, while the size of the plant and its great output is proof that the works are not in operation for campaign purposes only.

The plant exists as an example of the wisdom of the tariff legislation of the Republican party. The Elwood works is the largest tin-plate plant in this country, and its output is equal to the aggregate output of all the other tin-plate factories in the United States.

Ground was first broken for the works last November, and in July of this year the manufacture of tin was begun. The grounds, buildings and machinery represent a capital of $200,000. The company is capitalized at $300,000, and Col. A. L. Conger, of Akron, O., is president. The buildings, yards and offices occupy a space of four acres. There are three buildings. The rolling mill is 150x76 feet; the tinning department, 150x50 feet, and the cold rolling, pickling and annealing department, 150x60 feet.

The Present Outlook.

The plant is now manufacturing 2,500 boxes of tin a week in the mills, and at the rate of 1,500 boxes a week of the finished product. Their tin plate is pronounced by experts to be in every particular the equal of the best brands manufactured in Wales, and is successfully competing with them in the markets of the country.

In the works here employment is given to 258 persons, of whom 58 are boys and women. Of the 200 men employed, 75 per cent are skilled laborers, whose wages are from $3 to $10 per day. The boys and women receive from 75 cents to $1.50 a day. In the departments requiring skilled labor, the wages of the workmen here are from two to four times the wages paid the workmen for the same class of labor in the Welsh factories.

Made Possible by Protection.

The finished tin plate made here sells on the market at as low a figure as that made in the best factories in Wales, and the Republican system of protection makes it possible for American capital to pay on an average three times the amount of wages paid to Welsh workmen by English capitalists. The free traders' argument that the black plates are imported, and can not be made here, is false. There is nothing imported here which is not imported for the Welsh manufacturer. Ninety per cent of the block tin used in Welsh works is imported from the East Indies and the Straits of Malacca, and their same block tin is being laid down at the Elwood works as cheap as it is at the Welsh works.

The great tin mines of Cornwall, England, are nearly exhausted, while after the present year, according to the provisions of the McKinley bill, a tariff will be laid on all block tin brought to this country, and this will result in the development of the rich tin mines in various sections of the United States.

To Whom Success is Due.

Much of the success which has attended the manufacture of tin plate here is due to the efforts of Enoch Stanford, a Welshman, who came to America a year ago for the purpose of superintending the works. It was mainly through his advice that Col. Conger and other capitalists established their plant. Mr. Stanford was superintendent of one of the oldest and most successful tin-plate works in Wales, and is thoroughly conversant with every detail of the work.

Under his supervision the Welsh works turned out the leading brands of tin plate consumed in America and the continent of Europe. Superintendent Stanford says there is no reason why America should not furnish first-class tin plate as cheap or cheaper than it can be made in Wales.

Fuel, cheap land and a protective tariff made this possible. He gives as a reason why so many tin plate mills in this country have failed is because they have attempted its manufacture by methods different from those employed in the Welsh works, and knowing but little about it, the impulsive Americans believed they could make tin plate after methods of their own. In the works here everything is done as it is done in the Welsh works, and success is already assured.

A Trip Through the Works.

Through the courtesy of Supt. Stanford The Blade representative was shown through the works while in operation, and the process of making tin plate explained. The steel ingots or billets which are received here can be made at almost any rolling mill in the country. Those used by the Elwood works are purchased principally at Columbus, O., and Joliet, Ill. These billets are composed of pig iron and other ores which are melted in a furnace, and the molten metal run into molds of various sizes, and are then termed ingots or billets of steel. After they are cooled they are placed in a heating furnace and then rolled into bars the lengths required by the tin plate mills.

Now for the work as it is done at their mill. These steel billets, which are seven inches wide, and vary in thickness from one-half to three-quarters of an inch, are heated in a furnace rolled down to a certain thickness, then doubled and squared by means of squeezers. They are again heated, and another doubling process followed, and this is repeated the third time, when the bar is rolled into the required size and thickness. It will yield after being sheared 24 plates. These plates are now placed in packs of eight sheets each, and the heating and shearing process is repeated. After this is done the sheets are placed in a bath of sulphuric acid, heated by steam and are driven though this acid by means of a mechanical appliance termed a pickling machine. From this acid tank the plates are placed in a tank of cold water. After being removed from the water the acid is carefully removed and the plates are packed on a cast iron stand, in packages of fifteen boxes of 112 sheets each.

They are covered with a casing termed the annealing pot, which is air-tight, and pot and plates are placed in an annealing furnace, where they remain for ten hours. By this process, coupled with the pickling process, all scales are removed from the steel plate.

Through the Rolls.

The sheets or plates are then passed singly through the cold rolls four times and are then placed the second time in the annealing furnace. After removal from this second annealing they become what are known as black plates which Democrats claim cannot be made in the country, but are imported and tinned for campaign purposes.

After the plates are cold rolled they are again placed on the annealing stand, cased in the annealing pot and placed again in the annealing furnace, where they remain for six or eight hours. When cooled they remain for six or eight hours, and then they are again pickled, this process being termed white pickling. After this the plates are placed in troughs of cold water, from which they are taken singly and bathed in palm oil, which is imported from Africa. This causes the steel to more readily accept the coating of tin.

The Dipping Process.

The plates are now placed 30 to 40 sheets at a time, edge wise, in a tin pot containing molten tin. There they remain for a few minutes, the workmen separating the plates by means of tongs. They are then placed in a soaking pot, containing molten tin, but of a lower degree of temperature than that of the tin pot.

This second dipping is done in the manufacture of all high grade tin plates, as it gives the finished product a better color. Terne plates are made when the molten tin is alloyed with lead. When cooled the plates are washed with a brush made of sisal grass, the face of which is dipped in palm oil. This removes the metal from the surface of the plates.

The Palm Oil Bath.

The sheets are then placed in a pot containing molton metal, which further cleans them, and they are then placed in a large grease pot containing palm oil, in this pot is a rolling machine through which the plates pass at the rate of seven a minute. The plate is then placed on a rack, and when cooled, a girl passes it through bran. This process, which is repeated, cleans the plate of all grease and palm oil. The plate is then polished by means of sheep skin, and then taken in packs to the assortment room, where the defective ones are culled out. These defective plates are called "wasters," and the perfect ones "primes." The percentage of "wasters" varies from different causes.

The primes are put into packs of 56 sheets each, and two of these packs make a box. The boxes weigh from 108 to 112 pounds. Each box is marked with a stencil to show the grade of tin, and it is ready for shipment.

A Cheap Substitute.

The manufacture of tin plate in American has caused English manufacturers to reduce the cost of production by using an acid flux, which is cheaper than palm oil. This acid flux causes tin to rust, and is also poisonous. At this factory palm oil is used exclusively. Superintendent Stanford is confident that within five years the American works will supply all the tin consumed in this country, and he estimates that the industry will then employ 40,000 workmen.

THE OLD ROCKER.

From Kitchen to Garret and Now Graces the Parlor.

If you count among your household furniture an old rocker, which has probably been a family possession for many years, and which now occupies a place in the garret, have it brought down and into use at once. After you

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

have handled it lovingly for a few days it will be suddenly transformed into one of the prettiest pieces of furniture that your house contains.

Get the painter to remove all traces of the ugly black or brown paint which now covers it, or rather the remnants of paint which are left upon its surface, and then have it lacquered white and pink over the entire surface. Drape with a valance in Pompadour silk, edged with a narrow fringe, pink and pale green, and headed with a scalloped galon. It should terminate on the right side with a large rosette, from the center of which should droop heavy tassels and cord, while on the opposite side a band of plain plush secures it to the chair. Small, padded cushions encircle the arms, and are strewed with Nile green plush. Place upon the seat a large down cushion to match the drapery at the top.

A Lesson in Geography.

"How far is it around the world?"
In girlish innocence asked she.
"Ah, I will measure it," he said.
"If you'll permit me, love, to see."
Then when his strong right arm he'd placed
Around her waist so small and trim,
He found it wasn't very far—
For she was all the world to him.
—Puck.

Too Eager.

Anxious Wooer—Then sir, I have your consent to pay my addresses to your daughter. Ah, if I only thought that I could win her affections!

Eager Father—Why not, my dear sir, why not? Plenty of others have succeeded.—Exchange.

Runs in the Family.

Cholly—Yaas, father was adjudged insane, poor old chap.

Penelope—How did they prove it?

Cholly—By me.

Penelope—Oh, I see—it was easy enough to prove it that way.—N. Y. Herald.

"Garland" Stoves and Ranges cook food and warm rooms for many millions.

A BONANZA INVESTMENT FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE
BLACK WONDER MINE
AT THE FRONT.

Located on the outcroppings of the famous Black Trachyte Dike (a true fissure vein), in Sherman, Hinsdale County, Col., the only one of its kind in this country, and sister to the famous Black Trachyte Dike in Austria, in which the richest mines in the world are located.

THE BLACK WONDER GOLD & SILVER MINING CO.

Capital Stock $1,000,000. Par Value $1.

Full Paid and Non-Assessable.

HON. ANDREW J. WATERMAN, President.
(Ex-Attorney General of Mass., and President of the Pittsfield National Bank.)

INTERNATIONAL TRUST CO., BOSTON, TRANSFER AGENT.

The Black Wonder Mine is now being worked day and night, and producing ore that returned on the last two assays a value in gold and silver of $82.07, and $81,447.05 per ton respectively, and growing richer as work progresses.

Here is the chance of a life time for the people to share in the profits of a mining company that is sure to yield large dividends to its stockholders.

To secure funds for developing the property, and the complete equipment of the Mine with all modern appliances, including a tramway of ore shute, and a mill for the treatment of its own ore, a limited amount of full paid stock, forming an issue made as by statute laws, is offered investors in large or small blocks to suit.

Until 6 P.M. SEPT. 30 stock will be sold for 50c. Per Share. No order accepted for less than ten Shares.

OCT. 1 the price of stock will positively be advanced.

Buy now, this is a golden opportunity to double your money in a short time beside participating in all dividends.

ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INDORSEMENTS and full particulars FREE.

Address all orders for stock and prospectus, and make checks, drafts or money orders payable to

JOSEPH H. ALLEN, Treasurer
The Black Wonder Gold and Silver Mining Co.
244 Washington st., Boston, Mass.

WATCHES GIVEN AWAY FREE TO Boys & Girls

If any Boy or Girl wants an elegant Watch, solid silver case, stem-winder and setter, good timekeeper, and warranted, write at once to

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FREE by return mail, full description and illustrated circulars of MOODY'S NEW and MOODY'S IMPROVED TAILOR SYSTEMS OF DRESS CUTTING. Revised to date. These only are the genuine TAILOR SYSTEMS invented and copyrighted by PROF. D. W. MOODY. Beware of imitations. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style, to any measure, for ladies, misses and children. Garments guaranteed to fit perfectly without trying on. Address MOODY & CO. CINCINNATI, O.

This Nickel Plated Pen and Pencil Stamp with Name 15 cts. Name & Address 20 cts. postpaid, all kinds of Rubber Stamps. Agents wanted. Circulars free. Address Gem City Stamp Co., Dayton, Ohio.

JOLLYISMS FROM JUDGE.

Mrs. Newed—Our prospect seems so clear.

Mr. Newed—Clear? A perfect paradox, so far.

Mrs. Newed—Oh, George!

Mr. Newed—Yes, before we were married the prospect intoxicated me, now it makes me mighty sober.

Chollie—Why, old fellah, what's the matter? Come, come, old boy; be chirpy.

Wollie—Can't, old boy. Read this letter that I just received. Dear Sir—If you do not pay your flower bill I will send each young lady a separate bill, and feel assured they will be paid. Yours,
E. ROSES.

Nellie Fosdick—Papa, you might as well take down the front gate and fence.

Fosdick Pere—Why, daughter, you always have objected to their removal.

Nellie Fosdick—Yes, but the city authorities have hung an electric light right in front of the house.

L'Envoi.

Agnes! when I swore constancy,
That time we kissed and parted, yet,
Believe me, I could not foresee
That one may love and soon forget.

Miss Bleecker—In that discussion with Sue you had her where the hair was short.

Miss Emerson (of Boston)—Yes; I secured her at a point where the capillary appendages were abbreviated.

Eastern visitor (at San Francisco)—And so that is the Golden Gate?

San Franciscan.—Yes. What are you looking for?

Eastern visitor—Where's St. Peter?

Telescope fakir—Step right up, ladies and gents, and view the planet Mars. Five cents, mum.

Old lady—Oh, laws! hain't it round and slimy?

Telescope fakir—Will the bald-headed gent please step away from in front of the instrument?

A Nice Summer Resort.

On Greenland's icy mountains,
That's where I want to be
This weather, when the mercury
Abides at ninety-three.
For some sweet maiden Eskimo
I'd swap Bess, Nell, or Cora,
And at her daddy's igloo gate
We'd study the Aurora.
—Puck.

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D R Locke

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WITH THE WEEKLY BLADE!

The older subscribers of THE BLADE will remember that, a few years ago, Mr. D. R. Locke ("Nasby") made a tour of Europe, and wrote a series of letters for the paper. This series was afterwards re-written, and published as a subscription book of the highest class, entitled "NASBY IN EXILE." It was a large octavo of over 600 pages, printed on a superior quality of book paper, and with several hundred illustrations. These were drawn and engraved express

HOME TALKS.

THIS GREAT COUNTRY.

A Whole People Alive With Excitement—Suspense Holds the Crowd Breathless—What It Was All About—High Ideals.

This is a great country and we are a great people!

We have a good sized eagle perched aloft whose screech can be heard far beyond the ocean's billows. We have more land to the acre than any other country on the face of the earth, according to our own calculations, and we cannot make a mistake. Our "institootions" are not to be beaten, for they are the products of our brains, the quickest and brightest in the world. There is absolutely nothing which we cannot do, if we undertake it, better than any other people the sun shines upon. We are better fed, more comfortably clad, have nicer homes, are better educated, in short, as a nation we are superior to all of the rest of mankind.

Now how is that for a pean of national self-congratulation? Yet it is only the flattering unction which we continually lay to our souls, only we do not always concentrate it in this way, except on the Fourth of July and in political speeches, when buncombe is the order of the day.

Years ago I believed this all to be a religious truth, and any one who ventured to dispute the fact was a traitor. I have learned in these later days that we do not quite monopolize all that is good and excellent, and that it is possible for us to learn something even from those Eastern nations whose civilization the West has so proudly set down as being no civilization at all. There are some things in politics, in religion, in social matters, and in education that might be imported for use into our midst greatly to our own advantage. Yet the fact remains that the United States has really made a wonderful growth during the little more than its century's life, and that the country has advantages possessed by no other in the world.

All this is apropos of what? Just this: I could not help wondering during the last two or three weeks, and more especially the few days just past, as I looked over the columns of the daily papers, whether this "glorious people" that has made such marvelous progress had not taken a sudden lurch backward toward the days of pagan Rome, when gladiatorial shows occupied the attention of the people, when, says the historian Redpath, "the accumulated wealth of generations was squandered in debasing luxuries, and the brutal passions of the people, excited the bloody contests of the arena." Not that we have reached that condition yet, but when a whole nation stands filled with interest and enthusiasm as to the result of a prize fight between a notorious bully like Sullivan, and his opponent who, I believe, reaches several notches higher in character; when the columns of the leading daily newspapers, in order to satisfy the public demand, are filled with personal details regarding the fighters; when the telegraph offices and news-bulletin stands are surrounded until midnight by crowds eager to learn the result of the fray; when those crowds are made up not simply of the "toughs" of the city, but of reputable men, both young and old; when it is known that gambling upon the respective strength and endurance of these two men has been carried on ad libitum; taking these things together, one cannot help thinking that an influence from barbaric Rome has, in some occult manner, found its way adown the ages and is out cropping here in the midst of this Western civilization. For, though former prize fights have attracted attention, there was at this time greater interest and enthusiasm among the better classes than ever was known before.

Such contests are brutalizing. It is all very well to talk about thus arousing a spirit of emulation in cultivating physical strength. Perhaps it does, but it cultivates still more the brute instincts in man from which he has not yet gone far enough away, not to make a revival of them into action easy. It is pitting human animal against human animal to see which has the greater brute strength. Not one of the higher impulses of those who fought, in those who witnessed the struggle, or in the hundreds of thousands all over the country who so anxiously watched for the result, was aroused, but exactly the opposite. If it has excited a desire in the young to cultivate physical strength, it is not for any good purpose, but only to be able to exercise the power of bullying those weaker than themselves. The nation does not need developing in that direction.

Physical culture is a good thing, but it should not be carried forward at the expense of the mental and moral. It is very hard to believe that any good can come out of this Nazareth, and in fact, it is absolutely impossible that the gain, if any, which I do not believe, can bear any proportion to the demoralization that is the inevitable consequence. Only think of the spectacle of a great gathering thrilled to enthusiasm by a fist to fist fight between two men, one at least known to be a notorious blackguard and bully. Only think of cheer upon cheer arising as the bulletins came telling how Corbett struck Sullivan in the nose until the blood ran in streams, and pounded him in the stomach until the big bully sank exhausted to the earth! And what was true here in Toledo was undoubtedly true of every other city, town and village in the whole country.

As one outcome the police will be kept busy in stopping prize fights between young roughs. The smaller boys, too, of families in all walks of life will try their strength with each other, mauling and pounding until broken noses and bruised bodies compel them to desist. The brute instinct will come uppermost to grow apace under the influence of such teaching.

Of course I do not pretend to say that a prize fight between men is the worst thing under the sun. In certain ways it is less brutalizing than the compelled fights between animals, where the latter are goaded on to the death by the ringmaster and the surrounding shouting spectators. Men fight because they want to and for money gained; animals in obedience to men, to satisfy the latter's brute instincts, so that these are ministered to while the tyrant in him is developed.

There does not seem to have been the slightest effort upon the part of the authorities anywhere to stop this disgraceful fight. It has been heralded for weeks, been the topic of discussion upon the streets, and filled the newspapers. It is not pleasant to think what this betokens of demoralization. The fact that so many respectable citizens, though not openly, perhaps, actually approving of this exhibition, still do not decidedly frown upon it, constitutes a danger to the future of this people, for whatever strengthens the instinct of fighting for brute supremacy increases the possibility of turbulent outbreaks when vital differences arise among men to be settled by reason or by the exercise of force.

May the better thought of the nation do away with this remnant of barbaric days! Let open-air sports be encouraged. Let the gymnasium do its work in promoting physical culture, but do not let us place before the rising generation as an ideal to be worked towards, the men whose only claim to pre-eminence consists in their ability to pound each other to jelly. True greatness for the nation lies not in that direction, but failure does. By just so much as we leave behind us the highest possibilities of good in our nature, and those are infinite, by so much do we depart from a glorious future.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Chats on Etiquette.

No. 2.

One of the first things to be considered is your visiting cards, as they play a very important part in social usages, and there have been but few changes in their significance during the last century. A lady's card should be of a good quality of white cardboard, unglazed and with no ornamentation of any kind. Mourning cards have a border of black of various widths, according to the taste of the person carrying them, or the length of time since the bereavement indicated by their use.

The name should be engraved in the center of the card, the address in the lower right hand corner and the lady's "At Home" day in the lower left hand corner. A married lady should use her husband's name, or initials, in preference to her own, thus—Mrs. Richard Hilton, not Mrs. Mary Hilton. After the first year of mourning has expired, a widow may use her own name on her cards if she chooses, or, she may retain the name of her former husband. The latter is thought to give to her a certain dignity and is considered a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased.

Husband and wife no longer use the same card as formerly. A gentleman should always use the prefix, Mr., unless he be a professional man and prefers to use the title indicating that profession, but his wife should never have on her card any allusion to her husband's profession. Mrs. Dr. Thompson, or Mrs. Rev. Adams, being quite as inappropriate as Mrs. Brick-layer Smith, or Mrs. "Well-digger" Brown, would be.

The latest fad is to have the whole name engraved on the card, in place of initials—as, Mr. John Selden Gardner, or Miss Katherine Grant Howard. If a married lady so desires, she can write her maiden name with that of her husband, as Mrs. Burdette-Johnston, which will inform all who read it that this Mrs. Johnston was formerly Miss Burdette. This is not customary, however, and is mostly used by ladies possessed of a very notable maiden name.

Young ladies do not have a separate card until they have been formally introduced into society. Previous to that event their names are engraved on their mother's cards. When a young lady has a card, it must be Miss Lucy Allen, never Lucy Allen, neither are nicknames or pet names allowable on a young lady's visiting card.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Sofa Pillows.—Too many of these can not be placed upon the sofa or lounge to satisfy the present fashion. Often they are made a yard square if the sofa is a large one, two being the regulation number, and then these are supplemented by numerous smaller ones, made in various shapes. The large ones should be covered with the same material, but the others may be of any cloth and coloring, providing the latter harmonizes with the coloring of the room. Pretty coverings for the large ones may be of blue denim worked in the cross stitch that is so fashionable now. This will be remembered by those who did fancy work ten years ago, or perhaps more, as very popular, and very elaborate pieces were done, completely covering the foundation. Now much of it is worked upon cloth that will permit of the threads being counted, and borders and centerpieces are worked directly upon the cloth without using the canvas that used to be employed, and the threads afterwards pulled out, leaving the pattern worked upon the under cloth. Upon the denim this canvas would have to be used.

Another fancy for summer sofa pillows, and which would be pretty for a bed-room lounge the year around, are covers made of fine white linen decorated with sketching in indelible ink. The current Art Interchange tells of the curtains and table cover in a summer dining-room decorated in this way. The pillows may have a ruffle of linen edged with a pretty lace. Beside the sketching of flowers, landscapes, mottoes may be in fancy lettering with the ink add to the beauty of the work. The old-fashioned spatter work, which has also come in vogue this season may be employed in decorating pillow coverings, using some delicate tint for the background. Bolting sheeting would be pretty for this.

One thing is certain—that in this rage for pillows no one need be punzzled to know what to give for Christmas presents.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d cst, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; o t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Children's Play Harness.—Materials—6 ounces heavy Germantown yarn, 6 little sleigh-bells, and a bone crochet needle.

Make a chain of 12 stitches; join in a ring with slip-stitch; turn the flat or right side of the chain on the inside and crochet once around with a single crochet-stitch,putting the needle through the loop on the wrong side of the chain. Keep the right side of the chain always on the inside of the tube, and hold the work so that the inside will always be toward you and your work wrong-side out. The next round and the rest of the harness is made by a single crochet-stitch fastened in the loop, made by passing the thread from one stitch to the other previous to pulling it through to the other stitches to form the single crochet-stitch. This makes a diagonal rib around the harness, and can be formed by taking no other stitch.

The harness is very firm and durable, and should be three and one-half yards long. Sew the ends together, then crochet a similar piece one-half yard long and sew it to the long piece of harness on each side one-half yard from where it is joined. This makes the piece to come in front of the child at the waist-line when the long harness is over the neck. The harness will be a hollow tube, with the right side of the crochet-stitch inside. Sew the little sleigh-bells on the one-half yard that reaches from the neck to the waist-line. Be particular not to miss any stitches in crocheting, lest you make the harness smaller.

Fascinator.—Take six ounces of Shetland wool and a medium sized hook; make a chain the length required.

1st row—Miss 2 stitches of chain, (*) 9 trebles in third loop; miss 2 stitches, 1 double crochet in next stitch (*) miss 2 stitches; repeat from (*); break off.

2d row—Fasten with 1 double crochet in fifth treble of first shell of 9 trebles; (a) 3 chain, 1 treble on next treble of same shell that the double crochet just made is in, joining the wool; draw thread through; over, draw through two loops, keeping this loop and the former one on hook; 1 treble in next stitch of same shell, keep the top loop on hook as before; repeat until there are 10 loops on the hook; thread over, draw through all the loops on hook; 4 chain, 1 double crochet in fifth treble of next shell; repeat from (a) to end of row; break off.

3d row—Fasten the wool in the same stitch as preceding row, and make 9 trebles in the center of the first shell of second row; 1 double crochet in double crochet at the end of first shell; (b) 9 trebles in center of next shell; 1 double crochet in double crochet of next shell; repeat from (b).

4th row—Like second.

5th row—Like third.

Correspondence.

Jean Hunt Is Not Convinced That Her Ideas Are Wrong.—It seems that my article about how to manage babies caused quite a tempest in the Household teapot. If my method is so terribly wrong and positively sinful, why is it that my babies are so well, so strong, and so good natured? If scanty clothing in warm weather is so hurtful, why is it that Indian babies who wear no clothes at all are so well and grow up into such fine specimens of manhood? My babies never have the colic, summer complaint, or any trouble with their teeth, nor have they ever had a sore mouth or sore throat. A friend who does not believe in giving babies cold water and who has raised, or tried to raise, six puny children has had much trouble with their having "nursing sore mouth," and has lost three during their third summer. Yet she keeps them bundled up in flannels all summer long, and how cross and fretful they are.

As to traveling with a baby, I have gone from ocean to ocean with mine, and seldom does a month pass that they are not taken somewhere. Where one uses lactated food, as I do,it is no more trouble to feed them when traveling, than when at home. A small alcohol lamp, a half-pint cup, China cup and a spoon is all that is required. Where babies are taught habits of neatness from birth, one does not have to take very many napkins along. I had much rather travel with a baby from three months to a year and a half old than with one from three to six years of age. If you teach them, from the first, to drink from a cup, you will not be troubled with cleansing bottles and rubber nipples. I myself should not care to travel with a babe who was fed upon cow's milk from a bottle. During the time I nursed my babies I ate and drank whatever I pleased, and some times they had the colic, but never since they were put upon prepared food.

If one has to be so careful what they eat and not drink cold water, or put their hands into it, or let them touch anything cold, and never travel with a baby except to see a doctor, I am afraid the mothers of large families would be very miserable. If a babe is puny and delicate there is some excuse for being too careful, but a great many children are killed by over care. I do not mean to neglect them, by any means, but they are just as happy if they are allowed to roll over the floor and play with their pretty pink toes, and try to catch sunbeams, as they would be if done up in a bundle of flannels and laid in a crib, or to be held in their mother's arms. But from the bottom of my heart I pity the babies here in this semi-tropical summer who are sweltering in flannels and deprived of cold water.

It is no excuse because one does not live in or near a town, not to use prepared food. Lactated food will keep for any length of time, and is very inexpensive. I think it can be had in any town where there is a drug store. A friend who has twins is raising them upon it, and she lives upon a cattle ranch 35 miles from a town.

I do not want to argue the matter, but I think my way of raising children is as good as any. I know it is less trouble, and while my children are such perfect pictures of health I am sure I shall keep up my dreadful way of raising them. Another thing that will doubtless cause some of you to raise your hands in horror is this: I do not believe in long dresses for babies.—Jean Hunt.

A Plea for Vines.—I want to say something in favor of vines—the dear old vines, climbing, clinging, trailing and festooning everything; draping every unsightly thing gracefully and beautifully, and with very little care on your part. Simply the planting and a little training, which, for one who loves them, is no labor at all. If I could only convince you of their beauty, I know some houses would look more charming through the long summer months. My greatest love is for the old-fashioned vines, true and hardy, such as the wistaria, honeysuckle, Virginia creeper, wild cucumber, etc., the last mentioned coming from seeds planted in the fall where the vines are wanted. One plant at the kitchen window, on a sunny side, makes it delightfully cool and nice. When our new house was built I asked for a spacious veranda, to be placed around the south and east sides of an eastern L, used as a dining-room. My husband, well knowing my mania for vines, laughingly said I should have it so, provided I did not place any vines near it. I said no, I surely would not—until I could procure some—which, of course, I did. On the east I placed the Prairie Queen. You all know what that is, and how beautiful it is in June, when in full bloom. Then at the corner column I have the moon flower, and where the L joins the main building I have a Virginia creeper, and indeed it is a creeper. It has crept till it reached the top of the porch; then I divided it and let part run along the roof of the porch. The other part is now arching the second-story window. Where it will go next I cannot tell at this writing. You know it has for its chief beauty its dark, glossy green foliage, while at the first touch of the frost the leaves turn to a beautiful crimson and gold. It is sometimes called the five-leaved ivy.

At the foot of this vine, making a lovely picture, are scarlet and pink geraniums, all very old-fashioned, but to me the prettier for it. I also love trumpet vines, honeysuckles and wild cucumbers, draping unsightly places and corners. All these any one can have by properly planting them, and for little or no expense. I love to see the woman with a tender spot in her heart for flowers and vines. I feel that she is worth knowing. Her home is more homelike, and the children like it better. They will love to think of the old home, with its vines and flowers, in years to come, when they are filling their places in the busy, bustling world. They will love to think of their hammock, swung in under the mossy trees and clambering vines, where they lay, care free, and listened to the trill of the wild birds, and last, but not least, the "papa" of the household likes to come home from the day's cares to a cool, inviting spot. Dear sisters, have more vines and flowers. You will never regret the time spent in making home a pleasant place.—Marguerite Ray.

Correspondence Clippings.

I will try to tell Young Mother how I am raising my baby on the bottle. We give her milk from one certain cow, which is only milked twice a day, as it is not very hard to keep milk sweet. I am using tubes; you need two; then when not in use keep them in clear water. When cleaning them use a little soda and rinse well. We also feed her rice, rolled wheat and all such easily digested food. She has all the cold water she wants, but never has the colic, nor is sick. She is six months old; weighs 21 pounds; will lie and play by the hour in the coolest spot we can find. She never has cried five minutes in her life.—Annie.

I spend all the time I can spare now in gathering shells, etc., for marine writing sets for my Christmas shelf. I wonder if The Blade readers know that instead of fir pillows dried clover blooms are used; and new mown hay, nicely cured, and free from weeds make nice cool hammock pillows or for children on the porch. Friendship table covers and portieres are very pretty, but I expect they are old to most of your readers.—Mollie.

Perhaps some other member of the Household would enjoy making "marine writing sets" for their Christmas shelves if Mollie would just tell them how to do it."—Ed.

I promised to tell Jennie Morse how she could utilize the pieces left from her made-over white alpaca dress. Cut out a waist lining and put the goods on so as to form three pleats or folds each side of the back seam. Strips can be used for this if neatly sewed on. The fronts have three folds also, and the right side overlaps the left. Make the neck a little low in front, and put a full neck a little low in front, and put a full of cream lace around the neck and down the front. Use a belt of the goods and place a rosette of ribbon at the neck and another at the waist. Make the sleeves in two puffs, and to only just come below the elbow. Put lace around the lower edge, and tie ribbon between the puffs. This waist is for house or evening wear. By putting on black lace and using a black sash and ribbons, you hae a change. If you possess a black lace over-dress, or even a lace front, you can use it. Or you can use blue or white ribbons. Now for your hat, you must use your own taste in trimming it, but be sure to wire your bows well. Two long loops standing up at the back, and two long ends, are popular. Either place the flowers at the back or encircle the crown with them. Please tell us how you succeed with your dress, if you choose to follow this idea.—Jean Hunt.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me the name of the poem commencing: "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, as his corpse o'er the ramparts we hurried," and whose corpse is referred to?—Schoolgirl.

Will some one tell me how much an ordinary locomotive weighs, also the weight of a passenger car?—Walter Simmons.

In preparing herbs for sale, do you use the leaves only, or the roots and stalks?—Country Woman.

Will some one send directions for preserving quinces? I have eaten them when they were soft, but firm, and of a dark red color, but have never succeeded in preparing them.—Jessie L. McK.

Will some one tell me how I can prepare autumn leaves so they will retain their color and still not become so brittle that they cannot be touched without breaking, and how can such prepared leaves be utilized for home decoration?—S. K.

Can any one tell me why my currant jelly did not jell? I followed the recipe given me by a neighbor, who always has good success, and my jelly is just like thick molasses. What causes the trouble, and can I use the stuff for anything?—Irene.

Will some one send some bills of fare and cooking recipes for a family of two? I have to cook so much in following recipes, that much is wasted when there are but two of us to eat it. —Bride.

Will some one send recipe for sugar cookies that will not become hard or dry in a little while? I want something that can be kept on hand for emergencies.—Housekeeper.

Will some one send recipe for pickling walnuts, and how to make walnut catsup?—Kitchen Maid.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. Olive S.—We would be glad to assist you if it were possible, but we cannot publish your request in the Household.—Ed.

Student.—Technology means a treatise on the useful arts, and a school of technology is an institution devoted to the study of those arts.—Ed.

Dolly.—You are correct. Narcissus was a youth who fell in love with the reflection of his own face in a fountain, and pined away in consequence thereof, and was changed into a flower of the same name. Fortunately for our floral nomenclature, such results do not now follow such vanity.—Ed.

Edward H.—"Stentorian" means very loud, and the word is derived from the name of a Greek herald, Stentor, who, according to Homer, was possessed of a voice "as loud as the voice of fifty men."—Ed.

Mechanic.—If your taste and ability is all in favor of learning a trade, do not waste any of your time in studying to be a lawyer. Much better to be a good carpenter than a poor lawyer.—Ed.

As a physician of many years experience, let me say to Mollie, who claims that giving a child ice is a sin, that I have saved many babies from dying with cholera infantum by giving cracked ice and the white of an egg, mixed; that small lumps of ice, if not swallowed whole, will never injure, as the water coming from it has been well warmed by the mouth; and again, that a baby should be given occasionally a drink of fresh water from its birth. Don't be afraid to give your children cold water. If babies have convulsions look somewhere else for the cause, and above all things, do not refuse them water if they are feverish. Give them all they want at the same time giving medicine to remove fever, when the thirst will disappear. I prefer feeding a baby the milk of two or three cows to that of one, for if one is sick, or eats or drinks something injurious, then baby will not be affected so easily. Dilute milk with oatmeal water, rice or barley, according to the state of the bowels. For colic, nothing is better than chamomilla, given in drop doses. You can get it at almost any homeopathic pharmacy. If the child is only quiet when carried, it will not fail you. One drop of camphor in a little sweetened, warm water is also excellent.

In answer to Ohioan, I will say gold thread is also called golden seal or hydrastis.

Some one asked how to prevent sugar syrup from granulating. Add a little tartaric acid or alum, and it will remain clear and have a delicate honey flavor.—Black Hills Henriette.

I would respectfully submit, for the benefit of "Anxious Mother," names for her girl twins. These names are in use among the Spanish, the Mexicans and Italians—Primera and Secunda, the names meaning first and second. Francis H. Osbourne.

"Anxious Mother" asks for names for her twin girls. I will suggest Olga Altana and Volga Alta.—A. W. Vogler.

Recipes.

Pickled Pears.—Make a syrup of 3 lbs. sugar, 1 qt. of vinegar, 1 oz. of whole cloves and 1 oz. of stick cinnamon. Pare, cut in halves and steam till tender, 7 lbs. of pears, drop them a few at a time into the syrup and boil ten minutes. Place in jars and when all have been cooked in the syrup boil what remains down to 1-2 and pour it over the pears.—Allison.

Baked Pears.—Pare very thin, place them in a deep baking dish, sprinkle with sugar and pour 1-2 cupful of water in the dish. Bake in a moderate oven, basting frequently with the syrup. To be eaten warm, with cream.

Banana Custard.—Beat together the yolks of 2 eggs; 1-2 cupful sugar, 1 teaspoonful of cornstarch rubbed smooth in a little milk. Pour this into 1 pt. of boiling milk, stirring it constantly until it thickens. Slice 4 bananas in the dish in which it is to be served, and pour the custard over them. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, with 1 spoonful of sugar, spread over the top of the custard and place in the oven till a light brown color. If your dish is of glass, fold a paper several thicknesses and pin around it and it will not injure it to put it in the oven. —Elinor H.

Tea Cakes.—1 egg, 1 cupful of sugar, 1-2 cupful of butter, 1-2 cupful of sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, and flour enough to roll out. Bake in a quick oven.—Kate Carson.

Bed Bug Remedy.—Shut the doors and windows of the room and burn five cents worth of sulphur, and leave closed till smoke is all exhausted.—Julia Benton.

Spice Cake.—1 cupful brown sugar, 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon, 1-2 cupful molasses, 1 cupful sour cream, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 tablespoonful allspice, or cloves, 1-2 nutmeg, grated, 1 lb. chopped raisins and 3 1-2 cupfuls of flour. Bake in a moderate oven one hour. This cake if kept in a closed tin box, will keep fresh for a long time. —Mrs. J. McConnell.

Hamburg Steak.—Chop very fine 1 lb. of round steak, add 1 teaspoonful of onion juice, 1-2 teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper and mix well together. Moisten the hands with cold water and form the meat into little round cakes, and fry in a little butter till brown, on both sides. Place them on a hot dish, and mix 1 tablespoonful of butter and 1 of flour till smooth, stir this into the butter remaining in the frying pan, add 1-2 pt. of boiling water, add salt and peper to taste, pour over the steak and serve. The above amount will make 6 steaks. The ends of sirloin or porter house steak can be used in this way.—Peria.

Milk Icing for Cakes.—Stir 1 cupful of granulated sugar and 1-4 cupful of milk together over the fire until it comes to a boil; boil 5 minutes without stirring. Stand it in a pan of cold water and stir till it becomes creamy and when cold spread on the cake.—Gertrude.

—Every testimonial regarding Hood's Sarsaparilla is an honest, unpurchased statement of what this medicine has actually done.

OUR WINDOW GARDENING

THE STORY TOLD BY ONE WOMAN.

Her Home Made Beautiful for Years With Small Expenditure of Money —Others May Do As Well, If They Will.

Scattered all over our country upon farms and in villages are the homes of people in comfortable circumstances, but with little money to make beautiful surroundings or to render indoors attractive with fine furniture, pictures, statuary and books. The inmates, perhaps, have esthetic tastes which cannot be gratified. They like brightness, but revolt from anything cheap and tawdry.

Although the pleasures of art are not open to them, Nature has placed in their hands ample means for the most graceful adornment possible. While exquisite flowers can be made to open their bright eyes in parlor and garden, while green-leaved vines are so easily coaxed to climb lovingly over bare walls and around sunny windows, while a little tender care, a little self denial and industry will bring a wealth of shining foliage and brilliant blossoms from Mother Earth, no home need be cheerless and unattractive.

One of the loveliest rooms that I ever saw contained only the plainest furniture. No one entered it without an exclamation of delight. No one felt the absence of rich carpet, luxurious chairs, silken curtains or splendid mirror. Go in when the outside world was wrapped in the cold snows of winter, or the storm was beating furiously down from the leaden skies, and you seem to have been ushered suddenly into a fairy land, where perpetual summer reigned. In the windows were hanging baskets with up-reaching vines winding and twining to the ceiling and stretching out to friendly corners, where sister vines were hesitating about future explorations. From a crown of bright foliage in the basket trailed long, tremulous stems, that met the glory of other plants upon a stand beneath. Upon tables, on brackets, in every place where a plant could be made to thrive, there they were, things "of beauty, and a joy forever."

That room was a revelation to me, and to all who had the good fortune to enter therein. It was a possibility open to every home in the land. All may not possess an apartment containing such large, sunny windows, or so exactly fitted for such a development, but in most houses there are chances which may be improved, and homeliness turned into beauty.

What is true of the interior of a home, is true also of the immediate outside surroundings. A small yard may be so utilized as to become an Eden of delight. Ernest, well directed effort at odd times, an hour in the early summer mornings when Nature is always at her best, another after the sun is low in the golden West, and those ugly, cheerless, country and oftentimes even city dwelling places would grow into homey delightful spots that would cause a glow of pleasure to all whose good fortune called them to approach, or even pass by on the highway.

Besides the pleasure afforded by attractive surroundings there is another reason why every home in the land should be prettily adorned. Beauty of all kinds is a gift from the Creator. Its contemplation should and it does elevate and purify the thoughts. Constant familiarity with what is beautiful and graceful insensibly softens and refines the individual character and increases happiness. A family brought up in a home made bright with flowers, if improved in no other way will be more cultivated, more popular, and more successful than one doomed to dwell in a place that is merely comfortable.

That is all very well in theory," says an honest, enthusiastic little woman, "but how shall I turn it into practice? Work as hard as we may, Will and I, and we can hardly do more than earn enough to eat and wear. Where is the money to come from to make my rooms beautiful?"

"That is all very well in theory," says you. Others who have far more to do will find the same difficulty, never realizing what I said to start with that Nature has placed the means within your grasp, and all that is needed is to reach out, take and utilize them.

You have, perhaps, heard of the minister who always clinched every argument with some living example. So well understood was this habit that an old Scotchman, who had been his parishioner for years, once interrupted a prayer in which he asked that the heart of the most hardened sinner might be softened into repentance, with the impatient exclamation, "Weel who is the mon and where does he live? Dinna keep that back." I am a good deal like the minister, and have in my thought now a woman who, for many years, has made her home so lovely with flowers as to be almost a marvel. It is in fact from her experience that I shall draw largely in what I shall tell you about window gardening. Let me give you a bit of her history as a short introduction.

Light in figure, supple in action, nerves of steel that could be racked and stretched to the utmost and yet spriug back to their places as firm and strong as ever, with a keen, dark eye, that spoke of a mind of tireless energy, quiet, mobile features which lighted into enthusiasm or settled into moveless determination, the whole tempered with a womanly softness and tenderness that was wonderfully winning, centralize these characteristics into one individual and you will have the woman whose experience taught her what I am to tell you about making a home beautiful with flowers, at little expense beside some thought, muscle, sunshine and care.

She married, against the wishes of her friends, a soldier, a brave fellow who fought well and went through the war without a scratch, but with shattered health that left him an almost hopeless future, until she came to him, thus keeping the troth she had plighted before he went into the army, and by her courage put new life into what was almost a wreck.

The doctor said that only a life in the open air, with God's sunlight pouring down upon him, and the soft pure air filling his lungs at every inspiration, could bring him back the vigor of a life worth living. And so the plucky little woman with a smile upon her lip and in her eyes always when they were turned upon him, packed up their few worldly goods and chattels, and they went away into what they called the far West in the little New England village where they had lived. Upon a small farm in Indiana outlying a considerable town they settled down and began life in a fresh, hearty way upon her part that could not help putting new spirit into any man, be he ever so much of an invalid.

SIBYL.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION

Motto: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:—We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

Goforth, Ky.—Bertha Wadsworth, Randolph Wadsworth, Minnie Greene, Bessie Wadsworth, Ora B. Arnold, Myrtle Wadsworth.

Slope, O.—Mary Price, Mattie Price, Anna Price, Percy Jenkins.

Julesburg, Colo.—Jeretta A. Smith, Grace C. Brooks, Ray H. Smith, Mamie A. Miller, Frank R. Baker.

Willow Creek, Mont.—Lydia West, Edward West, Jesse West.

Texas, Ky.—Isham H. Landers, E. L. Lynch, E. H. Wayn, S. T. Wayn, Ella Borders, J. M. Hagan, J. M. Lanhan, Lily Bosley, E. M. L. Wayn, Charley Yankey.

Names this week, 58. Total, 2,264.

The above embraces all names received up to September 12.

Little Me and She.

Big is Phillis, four years old,
Slender she and tall,
Lightly cast in fairy mould;
Paul is fat and small.
Yet tho' such a tiny one,
Counting years but three,
All by Phillis said and done
Say or do will he.

Sometimes her ambition foils
All his care and pain,
And like panting Time he toils
After her in vain.
Then, the small tries the feat,
Till his zeal has won it;
Satisfaction how complete
Breathes his grave "I done it!"

To her mother Phillis o'er
Ocean sends a call;
"Tell her come back, quick, before
I get big and tall;
Quickly, big ship, bring her home,
Small I want to be,
So that, when dear mother's come,
She can carry me."

Stockings new and locks of gold
Sister Jane proud, but then
All things good (so she's been told)
Come from heaven to men.
"Auntie," thus with thoughtful air
Said she, "is it true
God gave me my yellow hair,
And my stockings, too?"

Hung a spider by its thread
Near the nose of Paul;
To himself, "I'm big," he said,
"And the spider's small."
So to fright it in so far
As words may, cries he,
All a-tremble, "Spider, are
You afraid of me?"

Lo, a frog along the floor,
Toy mechanic, flops!
Both, all eyes, intently pore
O'er it while it hops.
Stopped, Paul pounces on the thing,
Turns it up and shows it;
Pointing to his motive spring
With a loud "That goes it!"

Nature wrapt in wintry glooms
Has of flowers bereft them;
Yet for children earth has blooms
Still "arrayed flowers" are left them;
What tho' only leaves they be,
Forth in spite of weather,
Paul and Phillis roam with glee,
Plucking them together.

Merry Phillis, winsome Paul!
What omaint echoes dear
Of your happy voices fall
On my distant ear!
I have treasured them awhile,
Till to song they grew;
Now o'er many an ocean mile
Toss them back to you!

—Loudon Spectator.

For The Blade Young Folks.

"MISS EVELYN'S CIRCLE."

A Story for Girls.

L. A. F.

"Then, I have never felt like giving any of you a present on your birthdays or at Christmas, because I could not afford anything nice, and was too proud to give you a cheap present. I have seen Belle give a friend a little bunch of sweet geranium leaves, on their birthdays, with such a loving wish for their happiness, that the gift was worth everything to them, and she felt just as happy in giving it as if had cost a small fortune.

"You must have wondered that I never invited you to my home; that was because I was ashamed to let you see what a poor, shabby, little home it is, compared with yours; but since I have seen Belle receive company, I have learned another lesson. Her room is shabbier than mine, but she is so honestly glad to see every one who comes in, and gives them such a cordial welcome, that nine people out of ten never notice how dingy the room is, but enjoy their call, and go away delighted with their hostess, and anxious to come again. When I compared her home with mine, hers with the relatives who make no secret of the burden they consider her, and mine with the best father and mother in the world—if they are poor and can not buy new things very often—I made up my mind that my foolishness came very near to being wickedness; and I mean to try to appreciate the good things in my life, and make the best of whatever isn't so pleasant, after this; and if you will appoint the next meeting at our house, I will imitate Belle's hospitality to the best of my ability."

Trixie sat down, with flushed face, and a quiver in her voice, that touched the girls' tender hearts.

"If any one else had told us such a list of misdemeanors were down to your account, we wouldn't have believed a word of it," said Hetty Lesse; "and I think you have made yourself out a great deal worse than you are. I never thought you were proud or discontented, or unpleasant in any way; and I don't believe the other girls have; but if you think so yourself, you were right brave to confess it, and we all love you better than ever."

She emphasized her remarks with a vigorous hug, which was repeated by every member of the Circle with more or less violence, according to the disposition of the hugger, and Trix came out of the melee flushed and mussy, and tearful and happy, thanking them all for their good will.

CHAPTER VII.

"I did not think I should ever have anything to report," said Hetty, at the next meeting, "for my reading to grandpa, did not seem likely to develop into anything interesting to any one but ourselves; but lately something has happened that I think you will like to hear about, for it is really quite romantic."

Hetty paused and the girls gathered closer around, urging her to proceed.

"Uncle Fred sends grandpa a New York paper every week, and I spend two hours every Saturday morning reading it to him. Last week I saw in the advertisements a notice to the effect that 'Louis Phillippe Du Fond' would pay a large reward for any information regarding his father, Jean Baptiste Du Fond, who had left New York city for the West in 1851. Louis Phillipe then being placed in an orphan asylum in that city. Before I had finished reading it grandpa interrupted me.

"I know Jean Baptiste Du Fond, and so do you Hetty," he said. "We will call upon him this afternoon, and tell him of this good news."

"I was curious enough, you may imagine, for I had not the least idea who the man could be, but grandpa only laughed at me and said I should find that out for myself. That afternoon we drove out to the infirmary and there we found this French gentleman, with the distinguished name, and who do you think it was? You all know him, now guess!"

"We never even heard of him before!" cried the girls in an excited chorus.

"You know him well, every one of you. Who cut the grass on your lawn last summer, Bessie Burns? and who took care of your pony, Edna Lysle? and who planted your window garden, Alice Boyd?"

"John Bobbus!" came the answer, in a unanimous shout.

"Well, then, I have to inform you that 'John Bobbus' is only a very free translation of Jean Baptiste, and Monsieur Du Fond is 'Bobbus.' He had a bad attack of rheumatism last fall, and having no one to care for him was taken to the infirmary. He was weeding a flower bed when we went there, and when grandpa told him our errand he sat flat down in the middle of the bed and cried for joy."

"It seems that he come to this country in 1851 with his young wife 'Marie,' or rather he started from France with her; for on the way across, Louis Phillippe was born, and his young mother died, and was buried at sea. The poor widower landed in New York, with his little baby in his arms, and some one directed him to an orphan asylum. He had an idea that he could take the child again whenever he wished to, so he left it there and started West to make the fortune that he and his poor Marie had dreamed of earning together. On the way he 'fell among thieves,' who took advantage of his ignorance of the language and customs of this country, to persuade him to invest all the money he had in some land that never existed, except in their imaginations. Then they put him aboard a train, which they told him would take him to Chicago, near where his 'Garden Land' was situated; but they lied to him about that too, for his ticket only took him to this place, and he had not a cent to pay his fare farther, or for a night's lodging. Grandpa was one of his first friends, and gave him work for years. When he had saved up enough money to pay his fare to New York and back, Bobbus went after his boy. Grandpa says he remembers very well how happy the Frenchman was when he started on that trip, and how he came back three months later all broken up, and without a bit of his old ambition left. The boy was gone. All the asylum people could tell him was that a wealthy widow had adopted him legally, and had taken him to her home in San Francisco. Poor Bobbus had a 'run of fever' as grandpa calls it, after that, and has never been quite himself since. Grandpa had his real name on his account books, but it was rather more than he could do to pronounce it, so he dubbed him 'John Bobbus,' and he has gone by that name for so many years that I do not suppose there are half a dozen people here who know that he has any other.

"I wrote to Louis Phillippe after we left the infirmary and the next day but one, we had a telegram from him, saying that he would be here by the first train. We thought it would be too bad for him to find his father at the infirmary, so we brought Bobbus over to our house, and do you know, girls, that Frenchman actually hugged his father and kissed him when he came! He had always supposed his adopted mother was his own, until her

News of the Week.

☞ THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE CHOLERA.

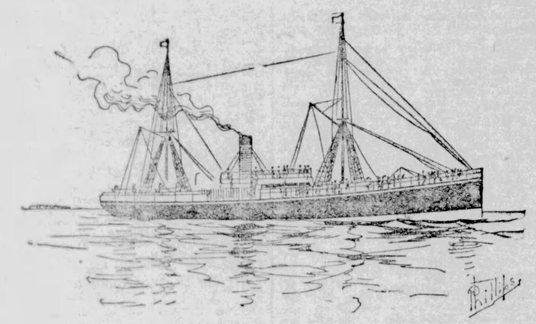
No Cases Yet in New York—The Trouble Over a Land Quarantine.

THE SITUATION.

The Bay men refused to permit the cabin passengers of the infected steamers to be landed on Fire Island. Gov. Flower has called out the New York militia; and is on the scene in person. The passengers will be landed. Heart rending appeals to Dr. Jenkins from the terror stricken and unfortunate people in the quarantined vessels. No new cases reported to-day, and the worst is now thought to be over. The disease is still raging at Hamburg, Paris, Havre, and in Russia.

Quarantine, Sept. 13.—The following reports have just been received from Dr. Byron, at Swinburne Island:

Census for the day ending September 12: Sick in hospital, 14; suspected, 66; deaths, 1; transferred to convalescent ward, 12; transferred from suspect to sick ward, 1, which is not cholera but due to alcoholism. Have not been to visit the ship, but am going out now. There are no yellow flags up.



HAMBUEG STEAMSHIP SCANDIA.

New York, Sept. 13.—At half-past nine o'clock this morning the situation of affairs at Fire Island and in this city is grave, but tending only in one direction. A crisis has arrived, and it will be met by the state authorities with troops, if necessary.

The Cepheus, with her cargo of helpless women and delicate children, is still anchored in the channel off Fire Island, and their sufferings during the night are described as having been most intense. Men paced the deck all night, or reclined upon the bare decks, while snatching a few hours of restless sleep. The women and children huddled together, crying and praying in the warmest corners to be found, or slept the sleep of exhaustion upon the seats of the excursion boat, if lucky enough to secure such points of vantage.

Delicate ladies tried to rest upon camp stools or even upon the floor, and one and all bitterly bewailed their harsh fate and the devilish hard-heartedness of the Bay men of Long Island. It was only after the most earnest prayers that the latter allowed some food to be sent to the half-famished passengers, whom they had condemned to either starve or go back to New York.

Cold, hunger and exposure would certainly, it would seem, have developed any cholera germs which might have strayed among the unhappy saloon passengers, of the Normannia; but as yet no case of that disease has been reported among them, or among the second cabin passengers, who are sharing their fate. But many of them will suffer for months, aye and for years, as a result of their cruel experience off Fire Island.

Savagely Treated.

These hopeless people, the prisoners of the state, have been treated by these Long Islanders as badly as shipwrecked crews have been treated by the savages of uncivilized islands, and yet the land, the island or sand bar upon which the Bay men refuse to permit these unfortunate people to set foot is situated five miles by water from the nearest settlement.

But to-day promises to bring matters to a head in some way or other. It is reported that the naval reserve is assembling at Pier 36, North River, and the old "fighting 69th regiment" is announced to be assembling at its armory. It will thus be seen that law and order will soon be restored at Fire Island, and the long-suffering passengers of the Normannia will be placed in safety either at Fire Island, or on board the steamship Wieland, of the Hamburg-American line, which has been secured for their accommodation by Seth Low, president of Columbia college, and also the member of the chamber of commerce, after whom Camp Low at Sandy Hook has been named, out of appreciation of his efforts in behalf of the quarantined people.

A noble sentiment in our citizens' hearts is now aroused, and pleads for the immediate rescue of the hundreds of imperilled people anchored off Fire Island in a frail excursion boat, whose roughest voyage up to the present has been to take summer excursionists to Coney Island.

Disgrace to the Country.

The proceedings of the Bay men are on all sides classed as inhuman, rebel-

CAPT. KOPFF, OF THE SCANDIA.

lious and as a disgrace to our civilization and manhood. A band of cruel men are banded together to resist the authority of the state, and from this morning's indications it would seem that Governor Flower, as the chief magistrate of this state, intends to enforce the will of the authorities and the law at the same time. It is claimed that though Judge Barnard's injunction may hold good, it carries with it a warrant to forcibly resist the landing of a steamer full of helpless people in the face of the authorization to do so furnished them by proper authorities.

In any case the clash between the Bay men and the state militia is expected today, and unless there is a turn in the tide within a few hours the naval reserve or 69th regiment may be on their way to Fire Island and compel the Bay men to permit the suffering people of the Normannia to land at Fire Island upon the ground purchased for quarantine purposes by the state of New York.

As announced from first to last in this series of special dispatches, there is no cholera alarm in this city, and it is fully expected that the disease will not effect a landing on our shores. There were no new cases of cholera yesterday at quarantine, and it is also to be hoped that the imported plague has been stamped out here.

Passed the Worst Stage.

A few more cases may occur and a few more pest ships may arrive, but the authorities confidently hope that we have passed through the worst of our cholera experiences, and that we are now witnessing the dawn of healthier period at quarantine.

Capt. Low, at Sandy Hook, is not yet ready for the reception of the quarantined steerage passengers, but it is expected work on that refuge will be completed within a day or so more at the least.

Later.—The report that the 69th regiment and the naval reserve artillery have been ordered out to preserve order at Fire Island is correct. Arrangements are now being made to transport the troops to Fire Island.

Governor Flower Pays a Visit to Fire Island.

Babylon, L. I., Sept. 13.—The health authorities are confident this morning that the injunction against the landing of the passengers of the Cepheus on Fire Island will be dissolved before noon to-day. This confidence seems to have been strengthened after a conference over the wires with Gov. Flower and Dr. Jenkins, who arrived here in a special train from New York, and went on board the steamer Ripple, which had steamed up for them, and left for Fire Island at once. The conference lasted about an hour, after which Dr. Jenkins left for New York again.

It is understood at Fire Island that several military officers were summoned by Gov. Flower last night, to discuss the situation. This, if true, makes it reasonable to suppose that troops will be sent on from New York during the day if the efforts to dissolve the injunction bear fruit. It was said at the Surf Hotel, early this morning, that a large body of policemen were on their way from New York to the beach. The Bay men seem to have given up all idea of resistance about midnight, and returned in an orderly manner. Some of them sailed away on their catboats and yachts to their homes in Bay Shore, Sayville and Islip, but quite a large body of men were left behind to await developments. They were stationed west of the hotel, but within hailing distance, and kept a patrol on duty all night.

When the Associated Press reporter and another correspondent left Fire Island for the eight mile sail to Babylon, where this dispatch was filed, nearly all of the passengers seemed to be on the upper deck. As the newspaper men's yacht came alongside the Cepheus, the people on board were told that they would probably be allowed to land to-day. A wild cheer of delight greeted these words.

Quarantine, N. Y., Sept. 10.—The crew of the quarantine tug boat which was ordered this morning to transfer the passengers of the Normannia and Rugia to the relief vessels Stonington and New Hampshire have refused to do duty with the tug on this service, and the health officer is now endeavoring to secure another crew.

Created Consternation.

The news that the Scandia arrived last night with a record of 32 passengers dead from cholera during the voyage, and a number more stricken with the scourge, filled the friends of the passengers in this city with consternation. At an early hour there were several anxious inquiries at the Hamburg company's office on Broadway.

The fact that the names of the dead were not given made the uncertainty painful. At the office no information could be obtained, as none had been received from quarantine.

The brother of Fannie Kline, a cabin passenger on board the Scandia, broke down and wept as he inquired if his sister was among the dead.

The sound steamer Stonington, which has been fitted out for quarantine service in the lower bay, left the Hamburg packet wharf about 10 this morning in tow of a tug. The New Hampshire, it is expected, will be ready to leave for the lower bay to-morrow morning.

There were several arrivals at quarantine since last night of European steamships. The Zaandam, from Amsterdam, the Kaiser Wilhelm, the freight steamship Somerhill from Hamburg, August 21, the Lepanto from Antwerp, and the Columbia from Southamton, all got in early.

Havre, Sept. 12.—Yesterday's cholera returns show an increase both in the number of new cases and deaths. Thirteen new cases and eight deaths were reported, against eight new cases and five deaths on Saturday.

Hamburg, Sept. 10.—The difficulty arising from the misleading statistics, which resulted in the resignation of Medical Inspector Krauss, has not yet been surmounted.

The duty of providing the statistics has been very properly transferred to the statistical department of the government, and credible figures are promised for Sunday next. Full explanations of the official culpability have yet to be demanded and given. For the present such facts as are obtainable all point to a steady decline, both in the severity and in the extent of the epidemic.

A better feeling of security is gaining ground among the populace. Dr. Ermann, a high government medical authority, controverts the assumption of the Berlin medical authorities that the disease originated in the contamination of the Elbe by Russian emigrants who camped in the barracks. He says that the first case of cholera among the emigrants occurred nine days after the first case had been reported in the town, and when a hundred victims had already succumbed to the disease.

If this is really so, it is of the highest importance that the researches be resumed in order to trace the origin of the epidemic.

CAL. BRICE SNUBBED BY GROVER.

An Incident of the Democratic Dinner Last Night.

New York, Sept. 10.—(Special.)—All interest centers to-day on the conference of Cleveland last night with the three men who fought him so bitterly and who hold in their hands the power to defeat him. To meet and break bread with such men as Murphy, Croker and Sheehan, must have been a bitter dose for the reformer, but he seems no worse for it to-day. Whether he accomplished what he expected, can be better told later.

There is reason to believe, however, that at least temporary peace has been patched up. It is understood that Murphy came here authorized to speak for Senator Hill, but that another dinner will be given later, at which it is hoped Hill will be present.

Much interest is felt in the meeting to be held at Tammany Hall to-night, at which Cockran and others are to sound the key note. One feature commented on as peculiar, was the absence from the dinner last night, of Senators Brice and Gorman, and Chairman Harrity. It is whispered that Harrity and Dickinson are not on speaking terms, and that this may account for Harrity's absence. The omission of those able wire pullers, Gorman and Brice, seems quite remarkable. Brice called while the dinner was in progress, and sent in his card, but received a reply that Cleveland was engaged, and desired him to call some other time.

A Brewery Combine.

Chicago, Sept. 10.—A combine has been formed between the breweries of Chicago, by which they are to contribute jointly the sum of $6,000,000 for the purchase of saloons throughout the city. The best paying establishments throughout the city are to be purchased and run in the interests of the trust.

WOODSDALE ISLAND.

Opened the Campaign of '92—Speeches by Reid, Foraker, McKinley and Others—Grand Gathering.

Woodsdale, O., Sept. 10.—(Special.)—The island, or more properly grove, is a beautiful place near the city of Hamilton, used by the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad for picnic grounds. It has all the accommodations for a great assemblage of people, and is well adapted for outdoor speaking. As early as 9:30 the people in the adjoining neighborhood began to pour in, in wagons and other vehicles, and soon thereafter the trains began to deposit their large additions.

The arrival of the party at the park was the signal for tumultuous applause.

HON. WHITELAW REID.

It had been arranged to allow time for a picnic dinner, and then begin the speaking after dinner. Besides Mr. Reid the speakers were to be Governor McKinley, ex-Governor Foraker and such others from the list already named as could be heard during the afternoon. When the applause following his introduction by the chairman had subsided, Hon. Whitelaw Reid spoke as follows:

"You are beginning this year's contest in the old Ohio way—by recruiting your ranks with the youthful intelligence and vigor of the new generation that is coming forward, and then by invading the enemy's territory.

"The aggressive campaign such an opening promises is a campaign which, in Ohio, has but one ending. Whenever the Republican party of this state is thoroughly aroused, is thoroughly in touch with the younger and more progressive elements of the community, and, in the language of a great Ohioan, "moves upon the enemy's works," it always carries them.

"We have met in the historic stronghold of the Ohio Democracy. And yet we have always had Republicans here who honored Butler county by their service to the nation. I may not speak of many, but you will permit a passing reference to perhaps the most distinguished of them. In your local politics he was long known as the fit antagonist of, and sometimes a victor over, the Dayton Democrat whom Abraham Lincoln once banished from the country but whom all knew as the ablest and sincerest leader of the opposition in war times in Ohio. In the great Congressional debates preceding the war he was found a champion worthy to meet and able to defeat the distinguished Georgian who afterwards became the Vice President of the Confederacy. Whatever his course in his last brief appearance in public life, we can never forget the service he rendered you in the honor he won in his prime. He was a friend to me in my youth; his son was my college-mate, and you will forgive my desire, speaking in his own county and near his old home, to utter a word in kindly memory of the late Lewis D. Campbell.

"And how many others does the mention of his name and of those stirring days recall. We must not be content in calling the roll of the men who have made our state to shine with the most brilliant radiance of the whole radiant galaxy. It is not our fault that they served the country as we ask you to serve it, through the agency of the party with which they believed its destinies the safest. It was that belief that changed Salmon P. Chase, of Cincinnati, and Edwin M. Stanton, of Steubenville, from Democrats to Republicans. It was that belief that inspired Thomas Ewing, of Lancaster, and Thomas Corwin, of Lebanon; that belief that served Ben Wade, of Ashtabula, through his long fight in the Senate, and held Dennison, Tod and Brough, to their trying labors at Columbus. Need I go further and remind you where lay the political sympathies of other sons of Ohio whose names are national heritage; of Grant, of Sherman, of Sheridan, of McPherson, McDowell, Gillmore, Cox, Schenck, Hayes or Garfield?

"Take out these men and their associates, and what they stood for—and what is there left of the soul-stirring history of Ohio for the last third of a century? Take them out, and what shall we teach our children to be most proud of in the record of our glorious state?

The presence of these representatives of the honored old college in which Butler county and, indeed, Ohio and the West take so just a pride, is most gratifying. Miami, from her earliest days, taught not merely letters but patriotism; and her sons practiced it in council and in the field. One of them, I did not name just now among the Ohio generals, since a neighboring state asserts its claim to this distinguished Ohioan by reason of long service given, and high honor won within her borders.

When Oxford counts her jewels be sure she will count Schenck and Dennison, Groesbeck and Charles Anderson, Samuel Galloway, Duncan Kenner, David Swing, Samuel Shellabarger, Calvin Brice and a long and shining list besides; yet still the name of Benjamin Harrison will head the list. Our opponents are just now in deadly trouble because they say the President of the United States is a cold man. Well, I have no doubht he does often cast a chill on them.

His Grandfather's Hat.

His grandfather's hat also gave them great trouble, till they found not only that it was a good fit, but that the whole country knew it. The ice cart at the White House door will disappear in like manner from their campaign literature, when they discover that it quite suits a nation of 65,000,000 of intelligent and self-respecting freemen to have a President who does not gush, does not slop over, does not play the demagogue, does not pretend to be the bosom friend of every man he meets—who bears himself with the modest simplicity of the private citizen, and yet the dignity and the decorum of the great station to which they have elevated him, who measures his words and keeps them.

"I am speaking of him in a region that has known him intimately; also that has known nothing of him but good. I do not dwell on the characteristics that endear him in the private circle; the warmth and fidelity of his personal friendships; his quick sympathy with distress; his lifelong exhibition of all the qualities that distinguish the good citizen and the good neighbor.

"As to his public character, the country realizes that he is of the true Presidential size. You who know him best have long realized what the country has for the last three years been learning—that he is of the true Presidential character, poo; cautious, considerate, safe, judicious, prompt, fearless, impartially just, and when his judgment is fairly convinced, absolutely immovable. Who wants a different sort of chief magistrate for one of the greatest and most important nations of the world and of all time?

The Date Suggestive.

"I do not know, gentlemen, whether the date of this meeting is accidental or not. In any case it is singularly suggestive and inspiring. Last night was the 79th anniversary of a scene on the northern border of Ohio, the story of which we all learned at our father's knees; the story of which we all in turn teach to our boys. It was on the 9th of September, 1813, that Oliver Hazard Perry, commanding the little American squadron at Put-in Bay, summoned his officers about him in the cabin of his flagship, the Lawrence, explained to them his plans, and then drew out a blue flag, with a few words embroidered upon it in white muslin.

"'There,' said he, 'are the dying words of Capt. Lawrence. Don't give up the ship. When to-morrow you see that flag flying at the peak of the Lawrence, it is the signal for battle.' The world knows the rest. When the next day's work was done, Perry took the top of his smoke-begrimmed navy cap for a desk, and the back of a torn letter for stationery, wrote the immorial dispatch: 'We have met the enemy and they are ours,' and forwarded it to the commander of the American forces, the hero of Tippecanoe, Gen. William Henry Harrison.

"In a cause as honorable and with a purpose as pure as animated the young hero of Lake Erie, who, 79 years ago this day defeated the British veteran from Trafalgar, with McKinley and Foraker and brave old John Sherman at your head, the sons of Ohio run up again that old battle flag. 'Don't give up the ship.' When the day is ended may its victors send again to the grandson the words Perry sent from Put-in Bay to the grandfather, 'We have met the enemy and they are ours.'"

MAINE ELECTION.

The Total Vote Less Than in 1888—All Four Republican Congressmen Elected—Manly's Telegram.

Portland, Me., Sept. 13.—The state election for the choice of governor, four Congressmen and members of the legislature occurred yesterday under the Australian ballot law, and as far as learned everybody appears satisfied with the working of the new system. In 1888 the Republicans had a plurality in the state of 18,083 for governor, and in 1890 their plurality was 18,889. Comparison this year will be made with the vote of the latter year. One hundred and sixty towns give Cleaves 31,617; Johnson, 25,780; Hussey, 613; scattering, 675. Plurality 5,585 against 9,491 in 1890. Indications are that Reed will have 2,000 plurality in the First Congressional district.

Augusta, Sept. 13.—At all events Senator W. P. Frye will be returned to the United States Senate. This is one of the things decided by the election in this state yesterday. Senator Frye succeeded James G. Blaine, going from the House, where he was one of the Republican leaders, to the Senate, where he at once assumed a prominent position.

He is on the Judiciary and Foreign Affairs committees and was prominent in the debate on the Bering sea con-

SENATOR WM. P. FRYE.

troversy, now in the hands of arbitrators. The senator, notwithstanding reports that ex-Secretary Blaine might be his successor, had the ardent support of that statesman.

WILL MAKE PECK SHOW UP.

And He Is Willing to Do So When Called On.

New York, Sept. 10.—The Democratic campaign committee on literature has decided to investigate the recent report of Labor Commissioner Peck, in view of the fact that President Harrison made use of it in his letter of acceptance. Chairman Quincy, of the committee, sent this letter to Commissioner Peck:

"New York, Sept. 9, 1892.

"The Hon. Charles F. Peck:—In conformity with your offer, as reported by the press, to submit the methods and data employed by yourself in the preparation of your report upon the subject of 'The effect of the tariff upon labor and wages,' of which a summary has recently been made public, to the examination of committees representing the different political parties, I now ask you, on behalf of the Democratic national committee, to disclose the measures as fully as possible to Messrs. J. Schoenhoff, E. Ellery Anderson and Edward F. McSweeney, who are authorized by us to examine this matter and report upon it to us."

TARIFF FACTS FROM A DEMOCRAT.

Indiana's Democratic Statistician Has Thrown a Political Bomb Shell.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 8.—Commissioner Peck's report on the increase of wages in New York since the passage of the McKinley bill is duplicated by the report just issued by Chief Peele, of the Indiana bureau of statistics, who has held that position almost continuously for fifteen years, and is a Democrat of Democrats.

The report says that in Indianapolis, Evansville and Terre Haute the average earnings of wage workers during the past year have been larger than previously to a material extent. The most important feature of the report—which is the result of detailed inquiries—is that it is based entirely upon the testimony of wage earners, and, consequently, it cannot be claimed that Chief Peele is presenting only the manufacturers' side of the question.

BETTER MAKE IT UNANIMOUS.

The Democratic Majority in Arkansas Will Reach 50,000.

Little Rock, Ark., Sept. 8.—Election returns come in slowly, but the indications are that Fishback will now lead Whipple in the race by 50,000. Only one county—Faulkner—is reported positively for the populist's, while it will take the official count to decide the vote in Nevada county. But one county in the state has gone Republican, and that is Chicot, in which the negroes have an overwhelming majority. Jefferson county, which gave the Republicans a majority of 4,300 in 1890, has gone Democratic by about 200. Mississippi county, which gave but 60 Democratic majority in 1890, has gone 800 Democratic. The six precincts comprising the city of Little Rock, gave Fishback 1,300 majority, while the eighteen county precincts gave him, the state and county tickets, 1,300 majority. Hence Pulaski county, in 24 precincts, will give Fishback and the ticket 2,600 majority, a gain of 50 over the vote for Eagle in 1890.

A VERY BIG REPUBLICAN GAIN

While Democrats Lose in the State of Vermont.

White River Junction, Vt., Sept. 12.—Returns have been received from all of the 243 towns in the state except Groton and Stannard, Caledonia county.

Assuming that the vote of the two towns not heard from is relatively the same as those reported, Fuller's majority over Smalley is 19,625, and over all 17,900 in the whole state. Comparing the vote with 1888, the Republican loss is 9,678 and the Democratic loss 541. Comparing with 1890, the Republican gain is 5,839, and the Democratic loss is 124.

The returns show 44 Democratic representatives, 19 less than in 1890, and two citizens' candidates. Richmond, a Republican town, balloted until this forenoon, when Thomas Huntley, Democrat, was elected.

Sullivan and Corbett.

New Orleans, Sept. 7.—The brutal prize-fight between John L. Sullivan and James Corbett resulted in a victory for the latter in 21 rounds. Corbett now assumes the title of "champion of the world." He made about $45,000, including the stakes and money bet for him.

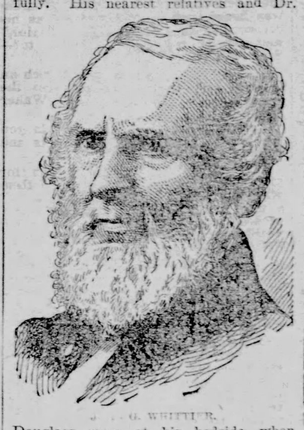
GENERAL NEWS.

WHITTIER IS DEAD.

Like the Passing of a Summer Day, Came Death—Universal Sadness at the News of His Demise.

Hampton Falls, N. H., Sept. 7.—John G. Whittier died at 4:30 this morning. Mr. Whittier had been ill for several days, and his demise was not unexpected.

Mr. Whittier passed away peacefully. His nearest relatives and Dr.



J. G. WHITTIER.

Douglass were at his bedside when death came, and he seemed to be conscious of his surroundings at the last moment.

MRS. HARRISON IS WORSE.

The President Forego's His Intended Tour of New York.

Loon Lake House, Sept. 13.—This morning the President advised Chairman Hackett, of the New York state Republican executive committee, that owing to the condition of Mrs. Harrison's health, it would be impossible for him to make the tour contemplated through the northern and central parts of the state.

This conclusion had been reluctantly reached, but within the past day or two an added complication had developed in Mrs. Harrison's illness, and her condition now is such as to excite much solicitude, and to prevent the President's absence from her room.

BERGMAN IS A COOL SCOUNDREL.

Says He Would Rather Die Than Go to Prison.

Pittsburg, Sept. 9.—Anarchist Bergman, who attempted the life of H. C. Frick, stated to an interviewer to-day that if his sentence was more than ten years he would kill himself. There was not enough in life to spend twenty or thirty years in prison with the prospects of a few years of liberty after the sentence had expired.

Said he: "I fully realize the consequences of my attempt on the life of Mr. Frick. I did so when I attempted to kill him, and was willing to suffer the consequences. More than ten years in prison would be worse than hanging."

Bergman coolly talks of his crime, and expresses regret that his mission failed. He does not give Mr. Frick credit for the coolness and nerve claimed for him when the assault took place.

NON-UNION WORKMEN STONED.

Disgraceful Acts at Homestead on Thursday Last.

Homestead, Pa., Sept. 9.—A gang of boys, with a background of a couple of hundred strikers, fired the street leading from the mill, yesterday evening, and when the non-union men came out to supper, they were stoned and hit with sticks. Balls of paper containing pepper were also thrown into their faces. The boys, who ranged from 12 to 15 years in age, were the assailants, the strikers not taking any part in the demonstration, save to encourage the boys by their presence. The non-union men, fearing a serious disturbance, took their punishment without a murmur. Several deputies were standing in the vicinity, but no effort was made to arrest the boys or disperse the crowd.

THE OHIO COMMISSION EN ROUTE.

Positions of Ohio Troops at Chickamauga to be Marked.

Cincinnati, Sept. 10.—Cincinnati was made the rendezvous of a number of Ohio soldiers last night. This morning they started for the battlefield of Chickamauga, going by way of Nashville, where they will spend Sunday, and leave that evening for Chattanooga.

The party consists of the eight members of the Ohio commission and the delegates from those Ohio regiments that participated in the battle. The following are the commissioners: Gen. John Beatty, president; Gen. Aquila Wiley, Gen C. H. Grosvenor, Gen. Van Deveer, Capt. J. C. McElroy, Hon. Andrew Jackson, Judge J. S. Gill and Louis Werner.

REPORTS FROM COTTON DISTRICTS.

The Plant in Good Condition in Most Sections.

St. Louis, Sept. 9.—The Republic's weekly review of the condition of the cotton crop says: The reports from the cotton crop this week are mainly of an encouraging nature. This is especially true of Texas, a large part of Arkansas, nearly the entire Memphis district, Georgia and the Mobile section and other parts of the sections and South Carolina report great damage from rain, rust and worms. In the flooded sections of Mississippi and Louisiana the second crop is looking well, and may yield a good crop if the weather is at all favorable.

THE NEW AMERICAN UNIVERSITY.

Lincoln and Asbury Halls and Their Proposed Cost.

Chicago, Sept. 7.—The Northwestern Christian Advocate, of Chicago, in its issue to-day will state that among the latest plans in regard to the American University at Washington City, are a Lincoln hall, costing $500,000, the money for which will be raised by dollar subscriptions, each contributor to receive a Lincoln medallion medal, and an Asbury hall to cost $100,000, the money for which will be contributed by Methodist ministers.

INDIANA'S REGISTRATION LAW

Declared Unconstitutional, So Says Judge Hadley.

Danville, Ind., Sept. 9.—Judge Hadley has decided that the registration features of the election law are unconstitutional. His decision is that the registration clause is in the imposition of a burden on a class of citizens. The law is in conflict with the constitution, and does not allow a voter to change his residence within fifty-nine days, while the constitution allows him to move from precinct to precinct for fifty-nine days. An appeal will be taken to the Supreme court.

Indiana is Considered Safe.

New York, Sept. 10.—(Special.)—Two prominent Republican politicians, Senator Mitchell and ex-Treasurer Houston, of Indiana, are in town temporarily. Senator Mitchell says all the advices he has indicate certain victory for Republicans. He considers New York as sure for Harrison by a pronounced majority. Mr. Huston, who is a member of the national committee, says he and other Republicans are very confident of success in Indiana, and that this feeling is constantly growing stronger.

The Souvenir Coins.

Philadelphia, Sept. 7.—Director Leech, of the United States mints, and Superintendent Boyhyshell, of the mint in this city, have held a lengthy conference with reference to the coinage of the World's Fair souvenir half dollars, the design of which has recently been approved. Five million will be coined. The engraving of the die will be done in this city, and the half dollars coined at the mint.

FOREIGN NEWS

VENEZUELA.

How American Consul Hanna Saved Foreigners in La Guaraya—Belief that Mendoza Has Fled.

New York, Sept. 12.—The Herald's Panama special says: Further news of the anarchical state of affairs existing in Venezuela has come here. General Pepper, Mendoza's commander at La Guaraya, on the morning of September 3, received orders from Caracas to squeeze a large sum of money from the merchants of that place.

General Echeverria, Pepper's adjutant, at once summoned all the leading merchants of the place to the governor's office, and when they were assembled, informed them they were prisoners until they paid in sums ranging from $500 to $2,000. The German, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Belgian, Brazilian, Argentine and Costa Rican consul's and American vice-consul Golding, the agent of the Red D steamers, and the manager of Boulton's firm here were also arrested. An appeal was made to American Consul Hanna for protection. Mr. Hanna at once saw the Spanish, British and French consuls, laid the facts before them, and they all agreed to act together. The commanders of the Dutch, French, Spanish and German warships also promised their hearty co-operation.

With this backing, Mr. Hanna formally demanded the unconditional release of the other consuls and the foreign warships. Pepper hesitated. The foreign warships got up steam, the Venezuelan forces beat to arms, and the guns at Fort La Vigia were run out. For a while the situation was serious, and it looked as though a collision was unavoidable, but Mendoza, hearing of the situation, telephoned from Caracas for Pepper to comply with the demand, and to do anything necessary to avoid trouble.

He then recalled his lieutenants to Casa Amarilla, and resigned the dictatorship, proclaiming Guillermo Tell Villegas-Pulido, a nephew of ex-President Villegas, as president, and a member of the federal council, Pulido, at once began the formation of a cabinet, leaving Mendoza out. It is believed that Mendoza will attempt to escape from the republic with the booty he has secured from the pillage of the capital and from forced loans.

Generals Pepper and Echeverria called the consuls together at the house of the Spanish consul, and informed them of the change in administration, and informed them that hereafter they would respect foreign interests. Consul Hanna is generally commended for the nerve and backbone he displayed, and the success of his firm stand in behalf of the imprisoned men at a time when he was completely shut off from telegraphic communication with Minister Scruggs, of the state department.

MEXICAN DUTIES ON CORN.

President Diaz Asked to Immediately Restore Them.

San Antonio, Tex., Sept. 9.—Information from the City of Mexico has been received here that petitions numerously signed have been presented to President Diaz to have him restore the duties on corn immediately, to prevent the further introduction of American corn into the republic. The President refused to stop the free admission of the grain until the time originally agreed upon had expired, which is September 30.

The President is considering the matter of placing a special tax on all corn that is allowed to accumulate in Mexico during the month of September, and will enforce speculators to turn loose their holdings, and likely cause a considerable decline in prices just before the last of October. The idea is to prevent further speculations.

FRENCH NAVAL CLERK SENTENCED

For Giving Official Information to a United States Consul.

Paris, Sept. 7.—A decision has been reached in the case of M. Grenier, the clerk in the navy department here, who was arrested in June last on the charge of conveying secret official documents relative to the French defenses to Capt. Henry D. Borup, of the ordnance department of the United States army, who was at the time acting as the military attache of the American legation in this city.

The sentence pronounced by the court to-day on Grenier was that he spend twenty years in penal servitude, this punishment to be followed by twenty years' banishment from France.

AN AMERICAN SAILOR WAS KILLED.

The Matter Will be Immediately Investigated.

Genoa, Sept. 10.—The United States steamer Newark arrived here several days ago to take part in the Columbus fetes here. Among her crew was a sailor named Frank Reilly.

He was a liberty man yesterday, and in the course of his journeyings about the city he visited a loding house last night and was killed. The details of the affair have not yet been made public, but it is said that the murder of Reilly was entirely unprovoked.

Missionary Attacked.

London, Sept. 12.—The Shanghai correspondent of the Times says: A mob in Northwest Sze-Chuen, attributing a severe drouth which was prevailing there to the alleged evil influence of the Christian missions, grievously assaulted a missionary named Turner and his wife. The couple fared very badly at the hands of the infuriated crowd of ignorant natives and would very likely have been put to death if the officials of the place had not interferred and rescued them from the hands of their murderous assailants.

Indian Currency Question.

London, Sept. 12.—The Calcutta correspondent of the Times says: The rumor that the government will do nothing in the silver question till after the international monetary conference, excites great dissatisfaction here. Memorials on the subject pour in from all classes of the community.

News from Hawaii.

Victoria, B. C., Sept. 10.—The French cruiser Dubourdieu, Admiral Barrier, reached Esquimalt last night from Honolulu, and now lies alongside the British flagship Warspite. She brings news from Hawaii that Wilcox has succeeded in regaining his old position of leader of the government, the revolutionists compromising with their opponents, and obtaining power without recourse to arms.

Irish Harvest Spoiled.

London, Sept. 12.—The harvest in the west of Ireland, which recently promised to be abundant, has been completely spoiled by incessant rain. The Shannon and its tributaries have overflowed its banks. Potatoes are blighted and crops are rotting in the fields. Great distress is inevitable.

Spain's Preparation.

Madrid, Sept. 9.—Space has been officially assigned in the historic and artistic sections of the Columbus exhibition here. The exhibitors from the United States have been allowed to select locations covering a large space.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

A harmless positive cure for the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, also Spinal Weakness and Leucorrhœa.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and checks the tendency to cancerous humors.

It removes faintness, flatulency, weakness of the stomach, cures Bloating, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression, Indigestion, that feeling of Bearing down, causing pain, weight, and backache.

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

DAUGHTER BORN TO THE EMPRESS

For the Seventh Time King William is a Father.

Berlin, Sept. 13.—The empress gave birth to a daughter at 3:30 o'clock this morning. Her accouchement took place at the palace at Potsdam.

This daughter is the seventh child born to the emperor and empress.

TROUBLE ON THE READING RAILWAY

A General Strike May be Declared Soon on That Line.

Pottsville, Pa., Sept. 13.—The locomotive engineers seem to be taking the leading part in the impending struggle for the survival of labor organizations on the Reading railroad system. Regular meetings were held on Sunday in Shamokin, Gordon and Tamaqua, while here at Pottsville, an impromptu picnic and base ball game, at which only railroaders were in attendance, was the means used to secure the opinions of the men as to what the rank and file think is best to be done to combat the Reading's declared war against all labor organizations.

A local official says that in the event of a strike the railroad has several hundred employes ready hereabouts who will gladly take charge of engines and telegraph offices. It is noticeable that the principal telegraph offices are all breaking in female operators of late who are depended upon as likely to stay at work in case of trouble with the men. It is said that emissaries are working among the old Knights of Labor engineers in the West, principally on the Burlington road, feeling the pulse of the old hands as to the likelihood of their coming back here in case of trouble with the brotherhood, against which they bear a strong grudge.

Women Vote in Mississippi.

Jackson, Miss., Sept. 8.—Female suffrage has at last won a victory in this state. The first election perhaps at which women ever voted in the South is that on the stock law question, just closed in this county. Only a few exercised the privilege. The law provides that all persons who are householders and none other shall vote on the fence question. This admits all women who own a home to the right of suffrage.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

A LADY'S EXPERIENCE

After Her Husband HAD SPENT ALL HE WAS WORTH.

GADSDEN, ALA., Dec. 21, 1890.

DR. MARCHISI. Dear Sir: One year ago I was near my grave with nervous debility, caused by Ulcer of the Womb. My husband spent all he was worth and all he could make for doctors' bills, and I continued to weaken until my physician told me I could not live sixty days. A friend persuaded me to try Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon. I have taken three bottles and am now as stout as ever and perfectly well. Mrs. AMELIA H. BOX.

Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon and Cleansing Wash cures all Female Complaints no matter how long standing. For sale by all Druggists. I send FREE two bottles and thus prove it does do what I claim for it. Dr. J. B. Marchisi, 36 Genesee St. Utica, N.Y.

THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE ONE YEAR AND Neely's Great Historical Chart

FOR ONLY $1.75, or to our subscribers we will send a copy of the Chart alone, charges prepaid, for Only One Dollar. It is both a POLITICAL and UNITED STATES MAP.

A Double Wall Map, 5 feet 6 inches by 3 feet 10 inches, mounted on rollers top and bottom, ready to hang.

Better than an Encyclopedia. A Panorama of American History printed in 11 beautiful colors.

Worth $10 Given Free.

A Complete History of our Government by Administrations, Political Parties and Congress from Washington to Harrison.

On one side the Largest and Latest U. S. Map, showing all States, Counties, Railroads and Towns, (Price alone $5). And on the Other Side, a Diagram, showing all the Political Parties, 11x36. A Diagram Showing all Presidents and Cabinets, 8x36. A Diagram showing Political Complexion of each Congress. A Diagram Showing Creeds of the World, 11x10. A Diagram Showing Results of Battles of each Nation, 13x10. A Diagram showing Naval Tonnage of each Nation, 12x10. A Complete Map of the World, 18x20. A Map of Central America, 10x13. A Map of Alaska, 10x13. A Map of South Africa, 10x13. A Map of Upper Nubia and Abyssinia, Etc. Abyssinia, 10x13. A Map of Persia, Afghanistan and Beloochistan, 10x13. A Complete Map of Solar System. The largest ever made, 10x13. The names of all Cabinet Officers, with length of term. Pictures of all the Presidents from Wash

WASHINGTON NEWS.

ANOTHER POINT SAFELY PASSED

And Now the Bering Sea Controversy Will be Contigued.

Washington, Sept. 9.—The second phase of the Bering sea arbitration has been passed in safety, and closed with the exchange of cases between the agents of the principals. The preparation of the original case for the United States has largely engaged the attention of Secretary J. W. Foster. It embodies a most minute historical collation of the facts connected with the Russian ownership of Russia, so far as they bear on the question of maritime jurisdiction in Bering sea and control of the seal fisheries. There is also an exhaustive analysis of the correspondence early in the present century between the governments of Great Britain and Russia, touching the question of jurisdiction; a recital of the Russian ukase, reserving the waters of Bering sea for the exclusive use of Russian fishermen and sealers, and a strong argument to show that the entire right of jurisdiction asserted by Russia was acquired by the United States under the terms of the treaty of cession, negotiated by Secretary Seward in 1867.

All the ammunition is not exhausted. Yet it may safely be assumed that the representatives of the United States have reserved sufficient material to enable them to make a strong counter case. This will be the next, or third phase of the arbitration. Senator Morgan, the only one of the two United States arbitrators now in this country, has been supplied with a copy of the British case, and the representatives of the United States government have already begun to scrutinize the documents with a view to preparing the counter case, or reply, as it may be termed, and this latter work is likely to occupy their attention for many weeks.

THE ORDER HAS BEEN REVOKED.

Sheep From the United States May Now Enter England.

Washington, Sept. 7.—Secretary Rusk has just received through the department of State a copy of a letter from Minister Lincoln, containing information that the government of Great Britain has removed the prohibition on the admission of live sheep from the United States into that country. The order requiring the slaughter of these animals on the docks where landed within ten days after arrival has been revoked and hereafter they may be shipped to any part of the kingdom if they are landed at the proper ports and pass inspection. For this purpose they may be landed at Aberdeen, Bristol, Dundee, Glasgow, Hartlepool, Harwich, Hull, Leith, Liverpool, London, (Thameshaven), Newcastle-on-Tyne, Plymouth, Southhampton and Weymouth.

The conditions are that no other kinds of animals shall be carried by the vessel on the same trip, that the owner or agent of the vessel shall give bonds that the animals have not come in contact with animals from suspected countries and that the vessel has not entered the ports of such countries. Secretary Rusk is much gratified by the success of the negotations which have been in progress for more than two years, looking to the removal of the prohibitory restrictions that have been enforced against our sheep trade for the past thirteen years.

THE IMPORTS HAVE INCREASED.

Monthly Summary of the Bureau of Statistics.

Washington, Sept. 9.—The monthly summary issued by the bureau of statistics, shows that the total imports of merchandise into the United States in the month of July last amounted to $71,515,000, as against $67,022,000 for the corresponding month of last year. The exports of domestic merchandise for the month of July amounted to $57,361,000, as against $61,770,000 in 1891.

Imports from countries with which we have reciprocity treaties had increased during the month, as against the corresponding month of last year, as follows: Brazil, increase, $8,188,000; Cuba, increase, $80,500; Puerto Rico, increase, $306,000; British West Indies, increase, $5,000; Salvador, increase, $12,000. Our exports of domestic products to those countries during last month increased as follows: For last year: Brazil, $1,600; Cuba, $729,000; Santo Domingo, $30,000; Salvador, $21; British Guinea, $24,000. The total number of immigrants admitted into all ports of the United States during July was 49,000, against $46,000 in 1891.

APPROVED BY THE DEPARTMENT.

Col. Poe's Action Regarding Tolls on Canadian Vessels.

Washington, Sept. 9.—Acting Secretary Spalding has informed the War department that the action of Col. Poe, engineer officer, at Detroit, inquiring for instructions, showing compliance with the regulations in regard to tolls on vessels passing through St. Mary's Falls canal, meet with full approval of the Treasury department.

He has accordingly instructed the collecter of customs at Marquette, Mich., to direct his officers to grant certificates to masters of vessels passing through the canal mentioned showing that they have complied with the existing regulations relating to tolls under the President's proclamation of August 18. These certificates are to be presented by the masters to the United States engineers' officers in charge of the canal before the "locking" of the vessels through it.

LETTER BOXES AT HOUSE DO R.

Important Order From the Postmaster General.

Washington, Sept. 10.—Postmaster General Wanamaker has issued his expected order deputizing the postmasters of free delivery cities, towns and rural communities, to put up letter boxes upon the request of citizens for the collection and delivery of mail at house doors. The order, it is said, affects nearly three million residences to which the free delivery service is already extended; and it is regarded by postal experts as the most important departure in the free delivery of mails since the beginning of the system under Postmaster General Blair.

VALUE OF HOG EXPORTS INCREASE.

Germany Shows Up With the Most Marked Advance.

Washington, Sept. 9.—According to the table prepared by the bureau of statistics, the value of the hog products exported from the United States to the European countries which have recently removed the decrees of exclusion, increased during the month of July last as compared with the corresponding month in 1891, as follows:

Denmark, from $29,011 to $32,787; Germany, from $515,157 to $837,049; Italy, from $3,884 to $21,259; Spain, from $3,636 to $12,890. In the case of France, the exports decreased from $221,540 in July, 1891, to $70,790 in July, 1892.

THE ARMIES OF WEST VIRGINIA

Will Hold a Reunion at Washington, September 22—Speakers to be There.

Washington, Sept. 7.—Ex-President Hayes, Governor McKinley, Gen. Rosecrans, Gen. J. B. Cox, and Gen. Powell are expected to be present at the reunion of the men who fought the battles of 1861, in the armies of West Virginia, to be held in the White Lot, Thursday, September 22, at 2 p. m. The troops came almost entirely from Ohio and Indiana.

Capt. T. J. Spencer, of the pension office, is in charge of the work here and all soldiers who will attend should notify him, that necessary arrangements may be made.

TURKEY COMES TO THE SCRATCH.

Reparation Made for Injuries to American.

Washington, Sept. 9.—The department of State is advised by the United States charge d'affaires at Constantinople, that the Turkish government has acquiesced in the claim of the United States for protection to the American missionaries at Bourdour, in the province of Konia, Asia Minor, and reparation for the injuries to the person and property of Dr. Bartlett, indemnity to the full value of the unfinished house which was burned, besides a personal indemnity to Dr. Bartlett has been tendered and accepted.

THE G. A. R.

Work of the General Committee in Arranging for the National Encampment—Everything will be Crowded.

Washington, Sept. 9.—(Special.)—The work of preparation for the Grand Army reunion goes on apace, and it is now generally conceded that the number of people attending it will be greater than on any former reunion, unless a cholera scare or something of that kind should intervene. Applications for quarters continue to pour in at the rate of about one thousand a day. The barracks have been about exhausted. Counting every post that has so far applied, all the available space in these temporary quarters has been taken up, and for those which come in at the eleventh hour the committee will erect another building. If posts put off this matter until it is too late for the committee to act, it will be their own fault, for the adjutants of each department have notified the posts under them that all such applications must be made by September 1.

While at Old Point for a couple of days Mr. Edson visited Hampton Roads, and saw 2,600 men at the Soldiers' Home there on dress parade. A few of them were sailors on the Kearsarge, and one of them aged 62, is the gunner who fired the last shot that sent the Alabama to the bottom. Chairman Edson invited him to the reunion, and he will be here and have a post of honor on board the vessel as she sits at anchor in "Grand Army Place."

The committee on reunions has made an announcement for the dates of various reunions, which will interest every old soldier, whether he is present or not. It is as follows:

Monday, September 19, 7:30 p. m.—Fourteenth corps, Grant tent; Twenty-second corps, Meade tent; Quartermaster, Thomas tent; Twelfth corps, Sherman tent.

Tuesday, September 20, 7:30 p. m.—Eighth corps, armies of West Virginia, Grant tent; Shields's division, Meade tent; Eleventh corps, Sherman tent; Sixteenth corps, Thomas tent.

Wednesday, September 21, 9 to 11:30 a. m.—Fourth corps, Grant tent; Tenth corps, Thomas tent; Eighteenth corps, Sherman tent; Twenty-third corps, Meade tent; Engineers, Sheridan tent.

12:30 to 3 p. m.—Second corps, Grant tent.

3:30 to 6 p. m.—Sixth corps, Grant tent; Twenty-fourth corps, Thomas tent; Seventeenth corps, Sherman tent; Seventh corps, Meade tent.

7:30 p. m.—First corps, Grant tent; Third corps, Meade tent; Twenty-fifth corps, Thomas tent, and Army of the Kanawha, Sherman tent.

Thursday, September 22, 9 a. m. to 12 m.—Fifth corps, Grant tent; cavalry Army of the Potomac, Meade tent; cavalry Western armies, Sherman tent; artillery, Sheridan tent; and prisoners of war, Thomas tent.

12:30 to 3 p. m.—Army of the James, Grant tent; Nineteenth corps, Sherman tent; Thirteenth corps, Meade tent; Nineteenth corps, Thomas tent; and Provisional corps, Army of the Cumberland, Sheridan tent.

3:30 to 6 p. m.—Army of the Tennessee, Grant tent; United States Colored Troops, west of the Alleghenies and east of the Mississippi, Meade tent.

Friday, September 23, 9:30 a. m.—Sons of Veterans, Grant tent.

VETERANS WILL GET NEW MONEY.

It Will be Handed Out During the Encampment.

Washington, Sept. 12.—An order was issued a few days ago by Mr. Leech, director of the mint, to Col. Bosbyshell, superintendent of the Philadelphia mint, to have coined at once $100,000 silver half dollars for use in Washington during the Grand Army encampment. This is a supplemental order to others given for a large amount of dimes and five cent pieces to be minted for the same purpose. Treasurer Nebeker has ordered an unusually large amount of small notes, such as one, two and five dollar bills, to be prepared by the bureau of engraving and printing.

The purpose of having the great supply of new coins and treasury notes on hand is to enable the visitors in the city at the time of the Grand Army encampment to exchange the worn out and filthy small change bills they are likely to bring with them for something clean and handsome. The merchants and others of the city have been notified that each can get money with which to make change while the veterans are here, so that the latter can take home with them some practical souvenir of the capital city. The ieda is not only to benefit the veteran, but to get in a lot of worn out bills that in the natural course of circulation would not reach the treasury for months and years to come, and in the place of it get into circulation all over the country new clean money.

SLOW IN MAKING NOMINATIONS.

Not One-Half of the Congressional Districts Have Candidates.

Washington, Sept. 9.—No information of any particular significance is to be obtained at the headquarters of either the Republican or Democratic congressional committees in this city. Both committees complain loudly at the delay in putting candidates for Congress in nomination. Up to the present time the Democrats have made only 172 nominations, Republicans 151, and the People's party 88. This is considerably less than half of the full number of nominees and until the nominees are all in the field the campaign cannot open in full force. Massachusetts has made only one nomination out of 20, and New York four out of 68.

CONSUL KELLOGG IS SUSPENDED.

He Was Lax in the Inspection of Cholera Vessels at Stettin.

Washington, Sept. 9.—The secretary of State has ordered the suspension from duty of James C. Kellogg, United States consul at Stettin, and assigned the vice consul to the duties of the office. This action, it is said at the department, grows out of the complaint of the health officers at New York on August 9, that the consul was absent from his post, and that the inspection of vessels from that port was very lax. Consul-General Edwards, of Berlin, was directed to proceed to Stettin and make a personal investigation, and a report was called for from the consul. These reports were received with the result above mentioned.

MR. A. G. PORTER HAS RESIGNED.

The Indiana Man Has Had Enough of Rome.

Washington, Sept. 10.—The announcement contained in the cable messages from Rome that Mr. Porter, the American minister to Italy, has resigned, will not surprise persons in official circles here if the report should be verified. It has been expected for some time that Mr. Porter would resign as soon as the incident with Italy arising out of the lynching of the Italians in New Orleans had passed sufficiently into the history of happily ended international difficulties, to permit of his resignation without any suggestion that it was due to the entaglement arising while he was United States minister to Italy.

END OF THE WHITE SQUADRON

It Is Now Amalgamated With the North Atlantic Squadron.

Washington, Sept. 9.—At sunset tonight the famous White squadron, composed originally of the first four modern ships of the navy, will cease to exist, as by orders issued yesterday from the Navy department that the ships now composing the squadron will be amalgamated with the North Atlantic squadron, under command of Acting Rear Admiral Walker, Rear Admiral Gherardi being detached from his command and ordered to hold himself in readiness for other duty.

New Hampshire Democrats nominated Luther F. McKinney for governor, Thursday.

William E. Sharon, member of the national Republican committe for Nevada, has written a letter to M. H. DeYoung, acting chairman of the executive committee, in which he resigns as a member of the committee. Mr. Sharon says that owing to his views on the silver question he cannot remain on the committee.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE

GENERAL NEWS.

PEARY'S EXPEDITION.

Arrives in Safety at St. Johns, N. F.—Mr. Verhoef Alone Missing—The Expedition Very Successful.

St. John's, N. F., Sept. 12.—The Kite arrived here yesterday afternoon from North Greenland, from whence it sailed on August 2. On board are the entire Peary relief expedition in good health with Lieut. and Mrs. Peary and party, except Mr. Verhoef, who, it is believed, lost his life shortly after the return of Peary from the inland ice, by falling into the crevasse of a glacier at the head of Robertson's bay, a body of water adjoining McCormick bay, while on an expedition of his own to a neighboring Esquimo settlement. This conclusion was only reached, notwithstanding that his body was not found, after many days of persistent and minute search and until abundant traces of his having gone on the glacier and none of his having crossed it were discovered.

John M. Verhoef came from Louisville, Ky., and was about 25 years old. He had been a student at Yale and was fond of anything mathematical, and during the expedition such matters were given into his charge together with mineralogy of which he was a student. With the exception of this casualty, which has saddened both parties, the two expeditions have been eminently successful.

Mr. Peary has carried out his plan fully and made a great inland ice journey of 1,500 miles with Mr. Astrupp, and through the members of his party who remained at McCormick bay, has made a rich collection of the flora fauna and ethology of North Greenland besides which he has demonstrated the ease and comfort with which a winter can be spent in the Arctic regions. The relief expedition has been equally fortunate.

Stars and Stripes Planted.

Washington, Sept. 12.—The stars and stripes have been planted at the two points nearest the North Pole yet reached by civilized man. The Navy department to-day received the followong telegram from Lieut. Peary, at St. John's, N. F.: "United States Navy claims highest discoveries in Greenland east coast. Independence Bay 82 degrees north latitude, 34 degrees west longitude, discovered July 4, 1892. Greenland ice cape ends south of Victoria Inlet."

The highest point heretofore attained on the east coast is about 75 or 77 degrees, and was made by Holdenby, a German.

The highest point on the west coast was 83, made by Lockwood and Brainerd, of the Greely expedition. Navy officers are delighted at the success of Lieut. Peary, and his telegram was received with much pleasure.

SENATOR SHERMAN.

Beneficent Results of the McKinley Law Pointed Out—A Democratic Paper Answered by Him.

Boston, Sept. 8.—Senator John Sherman has written the following pointed letter in response to certain criticisms as to his standing on the tariff. The letter was in answer to a communication from W. C. Harding inclosing a Boston Herald's editorial. It asks this question: "Is it a fact that under the Democratic idea the sum necessary to meet the expenses of our government must of necessity be protective?" Continuing Mr. Harding writes: "It is somewhat discouraging to Massachusetts Republicans to have the names of Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner and John Sherman used to befog the great issue of this campaign, and may I not ask that you will send me a communication which shall once and for all dispose of the Herald's suggestion that you are with the Democratic party upon the tariff?"

Senator Sherman's reply is as follows:

MANSFIELD, O., Aug. 31.

W. C. Harding, Esq.:

My Dear Sir:—Your note of the 27th is received. In answer I have to say that the Boston Herald in this article you mention has totally misconceived my position on the tariff.

I am decidedly in favor of a protective tariff, one framed with a view not only to secure ample revenue for the support of the government, but with a distinct purpose to encourage and protect all productions which can be readily produced in our country. I do not believe that a tariff framed under the doctrine now enunciated and pushed by the Democratic party in its national platform can protect and foster our home industries.

Mr. Tilden and the men of his school believed that the old doctrine of the Democratic party proclaimed in former national platforms and supported by the declarations of Jefferson, Madison and Jackson, was a wise and constitutional exercise of national power. That doctrine has been ridiculed and denounced by the Democratic platform recently adopted by the Chicago convention. A tariff framed in accordance with this new doctrine would be confined simply to levying revenue duties, excluding the idea of protection, and that is the purpose and object of the men who made the platform and of the men in the Democratic convention that adopted it by a large majority.

Such a tariff might be levied exclusively on articles we cannot produce in this country, such as sugar, coffee and tea. I have believed that as to certain items in different tariffs we have gone beyond the line of protection which is necessary to foster American industries. A few rates have been adopted that I think will exclude competition between foreign and American productions and secure a monopoly to the American manufacturers. This I do not believe to be a wise policy. There are some details of the McKinley tariff bill that may be subject to this objection but on the whole it is the fairest and best tariff, not only for revenue but for protection, that has had a place on our statute book. The tariff plank of the Republican convention at Minneapolis is the clearest statement of the extent of protection favored by the great mass of the Republicans of this country.

The actual result of the McKinley bill has been not only to give to the American industries increased protection, but has increased our foreign trade, enlarged our exports and our imports, and greatly encouraged and added to all kinds of American productions, whether of the field or of the workshop.

If the Boston Herald has overlooked the striking difference between the old position of the Democratic party and the one now proclaimed by that party, the tendency and drift of the Democratic party is now more and more in favor of free trade, and in open opposition to any favor shown by discriminating duties to foster, encourage and diversify American industries.

JOHN SHERMAN.

AN ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION

A Miscreant Fires at the Wife of a Non Union Man.

Homestead, Pa., Sept. 8.—Tuesday night at 8:10 o'clock some man placed the muzzle of his revolver through a knothole in the company fence along the Munhall road and deliberately discharged it. The bullet passed near the head of the wife of a non-union man. There was a large crowd on the board walk at the time, and although Maj. Crawford sent a party after him the would-be assassin escaped. For the first time there are signs of weakening among the Slavs.

Old Schuc, one of the leaders, and who made an address Saturday at the meeting, stated that their families could not live on the $2 and the $2.50 a week given by the advisory board's relief committee, and would be forced to give in unless that amount were much larger; that he does not believe the relief will be enlarged. He spent the morning conferring with the mill officials.

The committee is hustling, also bolstering up Slavs, who show signs of weakening, and is confident it can check any general stampede.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Only Three Issues in the Campaign—Protection, Reciprocity and Finance—A Ringing Letter.

Augusta, Me., Sept. 7.—The following letter from the Hon. James G. Blaine to Chairman Manley, of the Republican state committee, was made public last night:

Bar Harbor, Me., Sept. 3, 1892.

Hon. Jos. H. Manley, Chairman, etc., Augusta, Me.:

My dear Sir:—Not being able, for reasons which I have explained to you, to deliver public speeches in this present campaign, I take the liberty of submitting my views on the issues which I regard as being strongest for the Republicans to urge before the people.

The issue of the greatest consequence is the tariff on imports, and it will continue to be until a settlement is effected by a majority so large that it will be tantamount to general acquiescence on this subject. Two years ago they passed a general enactment known as the McKinley tariff, which for a time failed to meet with popular approval, and was regarded with a certain degree of distrust by those who had always upheld the protective system. But a powerful reaction has come, in consequence of the vindication of the McKinley tariff by experience. It is found to have worked admirably, and within the last year has produced a greater volume of business, internal and external, export and import, than the United States ever transacted before. Notwithstanding the character and extent of the opposition to it, agriculture is remunerative, manufactures are prosperous and commerce is more flourishing than at any previous time, affording the McKinley tariff an impressive and undeniable series of facts.

The Democratic Position.

Against this tariff the Democratic party has taken a position almost without parallel in the history of the country. They reject entirely the doctrine of protection, pronounce it a fraud and anathematize it generally. A resolution to this effect was adopted by the Democratic convention, against the report of the committee on resolutions, by a two-thirds vote, thus manifesting the intelligent participation of every man in the convention. Sometimes a resolution may be adopted in haste; or just when the convention is adjourning it may fail to receive the attention of the members; but this resolution was debated pro and con, adopted after a contest, and was perfectly understood by the members of the convention. It contained these words: "We denounce the Republican protection as a fraud upon the labor of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of a few. We declare it a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, except for the purpose of revenue only. We demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the government when honestly and economically administered."

In Harmony With Nullification.

If any one will take the trouble to read the resolutions by which Mr. Calhoun sought to defend his nullification scheme in 1832, he will find the tariff platform of the Democratic party of 1892 in general harmony therewith, and if he examines the subject further he will discover that the duties in the compromise tariff which reconciled Mr. Calhoun, and appeased his angry followers in South Carolina, were of a more comprehensive character than those contemplated in the Democratic resolution of 1892.

The Democrats are in the habit of naming Jefferson as the founder of their party; and yet, on the subject of tariff, they are in radical opposition to the principles laid down by Jefferson. Toward the close of his administration, the revenue from the tariff on imports produced a considerable surplus, and the question was what should be done? Should the tariff be reduced or should this surplus be maintained? Jefferson

Jefferson a Protectionist.

son pointedly asked: "Shall we suppress the imposts and give that advantage to foreign over domestic manufactures? For himself he recommended that "imposts be maintained," and that the surplus created "should be appropriated to the improvement of roads, canals, rivers and education." If the constitution did not give sufficient power to warrant these appropriations, Jefferson went so far as to recommend that it be amended. This presents the strongest condition of affairs upon which a specific tariff can be justified and Jefferson did not hesitate to recommend it. The Democrats of the present day, it is needless to say, are the direct opponents of the policy which Jefferson thus outlined and adhered to.

Benefits of Reciprocity.

2. When the principle of reciprocal trade was first proposed to be introduced into the tariff system the Democrats showed a most generous appreciation of the question, and gave it their support as long as Republicans refused to accept it; but when the Republicans came to approve it the Democrats support vanished, and instead of favoring we find the Democratic national convention passing a resolution hostile to the system. But in spite of Democratic opposition we have attained, through reciprocity, a new and valuable trade, and the system has demonstrated its many advantages. We were about to declare sugar, molasses, coffee and tea free of all duties, in the McKinley bill; but instead of that we passed a law by which we asked the several nations interested what they would give.

Several nations indicated what they would give to have those articles made free. We found that the privileges which we were about to give without cost and without charge would secure a large trade in Brazil, in Cuba and Porto Rico, in the Windward and other West India Islands, in British Guiana and Jamaica, San Domingo and the five Central American states, and to a minor degree in Austria, France and Germany—all in exchange for the articles which we had intended to gratuitously admit. The free list of the McKinley tariff is larger in the number of articles and in the aggregate amount of their import value than the dutiable list. What would have been the result to the United States if every article, before it was put on the free list, had been made the subject of inquiry to see what could get in exchange for it. We omitted to mention any articles.

This is the whole of the reciprocity scheme. It is very plain and very simple. It secures a valuable trade to be exchanged for articles otherwise destined to be put on the free list. The Democratic party may think they can discredit it, and they make the effort apparently for the reason that they did not originate it.

3. With all its calamities the war brought us one great blessing—national currency. There are many who will say that it was worth the cost of the war to bring about so auspicious a result. Prior to the war we had all kinds of money. Paper issues of the worst currency system of any enlightened nation in the world. The state banks, with some exceptions, were thoroughly irresponsible. They existed by thousands throughout the United States. Whenever one of them failed, the result was a large loss and great distress among the people. No one was responsible for their bills, and they were generally found scattered in the pockets of the laboring men, to whom they were a total loss without redemption whatever. Of the state banks it was often accurately said that their debts were the assets of their profits. They have caused an aggregate loss of hundreds of millions of dollars to the poor. Since the close of the war all this is different. Every paper dollar that circulates among the people has the United States behind it as guarantee.

All the banks that exist are under the control of the national government, and if they fail, as financial institutions, the government has taken care that their bills shall be paid by securities deposited in government vaults. Under these circumstances it is a matter for extraordinary surprise that the Democratic convention should deliberately pass resolutions for the revival of state banks. The palpable effect of this policy, if carried out, would be to cheat the poor man out of his daily bread. If state banks be adopted and their irredemption attained, a large issue, no device would be more deadly for the despoilment of all the commercial and laboring classes. How the Democratic convention came to make such a declaration, who was its author, will remain a mystery. I have heard the argument adduced that we would keep the money at home if state banks were instituted; but we should keep it at home because it would be so worthless that nobody would take it abroad. Were the system of state banks revived, we should have discount at all state lines, large charges for drafts on financial centers, and general suspicion of every bill offered in payment, with a loss to the innocent holders.

The three issues which I have given are the issues on which I would arraign the Democratic party. I would be sorry if multiply issues were diverted by our opponents from a steadfast adherence to and constant presentation of these questions before the people, until every voter is made to know and understand their force and weighty significance.

Very sincerely yours,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

The sealer E. R. Marbin, now in port at Victoria, B. C., spoke the Kate and Ann, of San Francisco, Master Captain Minor, and informed him that the schooner had been boarded by the Russian cruiser Rasboni. The Russian contented himself with taking sealskins and surplus provisions.

AT ELWOOD.

The Indiana Republicans Open Their Canvass—The Tin Plate Works Opened.

Elwood, Ind., Sept. 13.—(Special.)—It was a happy thought which influenced the Republicans of Indiana to open their campaign at Elwood, for no town in the state has grown more rapidly, and its growth is due to the

GOV. IRA J. CHASE.

wise Republican legislation which has brought here great industries and thousands of busy and prosperous workmen.

Nature too has lent her aid in furnishing natural gas to propel the great machinery in these mammoth shops. Three years ago Elwood was a little country town of less than two thousand souls. Gas was found in paying quantities and enterprising real estate men offered inducements to manufacturers which were so liberal that they were accepted.

Then was enacted the McKinley tariff law, and under its beneficient provisions more industries have been established, until now Elwood contains 9,000 people, 3,000 of whom are workmen employed in the glass, iron and tin-plate industries. This has created an army of consumers which are fed by the farmers and gardeners which surround the town.

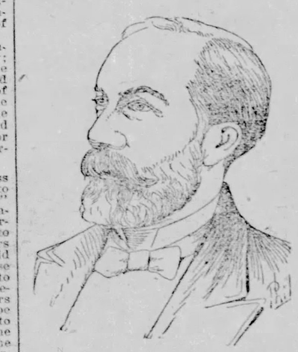
Formerly this produce was shipped to Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Toledo. The producer of course paying the cost of transportation. Under the protecting laws which have made these industries possible, the Indiana farmer now has a home market for his produce at an advance price.

In consequence the farming land about Elwood has advanced in price from 25 Elwood has advanced in price from $25 to $40 per acre, and the farmers are well pleased with the situation.

The Chief Attraction.

Of course the chief attraction at the opening of the campaign here to-day is the tin plate works, the largest in the country. These works are being visited to-day by thousands of people, many of whom traveled a long distance to satisfy themselves that genuinee tin plate is being actually made here.

Among the number are many Democrats, and there are those among them this afternoon who are condemning their party organs for trying to hoodwink



ENOCH STANFORD,
(Supt. Elwood Tin Plate Works.)

the people by insisting that tin plate is not made here, or if it is, is made simply from imported block plates.

It is also eminently fitting that the great central figure in to-day's demonstration should be him who drafted the law which has made this mammoth tin plate plant a possibility. Ohio's governor, Wm. McKinley, jr., is the chief orator of the day, and the only objection raised against him is the fact that he is not a hoosier. Not often in the politics of the country has it been allotted a party leader to receive such an ovation as that which Governor McKinley was accorded to-day.

THE TWO GOVERNORS ARRIVE.

McKinley and Chase Receive a Great Ovation.

Elwood, Ind., Sept. 13.—(Special.)—The special train from Indianapolis, Governors McKinley and Chase, arrived over the Lake Erie & Western at noon. For two hours before its arrival the depot was crowded, and long lines of men stood in the drenching rain, some with umbrellas, more without, waiting for the distinguished orator.

It was a good-natured crowd, and mud and rain had no terror for them. The special brought in one thousand men from Indianapolis and the applause which greeted them was tremendous.

Ohio's governor was the idol of the day and the hurrahs for McKinley drowned all other sounds.

The two governors were driven to the Stevenson House, where an informal reception was held and the two distinguished gentlemen shook hands with hundreds of admirers.

Special trains carrying large delegations have been arriving during the forenoon, and at noon a conservative estimate of the visitors places the number at 15,000. They crowded the streets and sought shelter wherever it was possible to find it.

The Rain Poured Down.

Those who hoped the rain would cease at noon were disappointed. It poured down steadily, and the skies give no sign of better weather. It was designed to have the speeches in a grove near the tin plate works, but the weather made this impossible. The opera-house and city hall were secured and at 2 o'clock the crowds poured into both rooms, while the unlucky ones, who number many thousands, remained outside in the rain, without hope of seeing or hearing the distinguished speakers.

Governor McKinley spoke at the opera-house and Governor Chase at the city hall. The crush to see and hear Governor McKinley was wonderful, and his every step was attended by a crowd of admirers. Governor McKinley dwelt at length on the protective tariff system, which he knows so well how to handle. Governor Chase devoted the most of his speech to state issues. The meeting, notwithstanding the rain, was agreat success.

THE QUARANTINE IN LAKE CITIES

To be Removed if Canada Puts on Restrictions.

Columbus, O., Sept. 10.—(Special.)—Secretary Probst has returned from Cleveland, where he conferred with Drs. Wise and Miller upon coast inspection. He received a message from Secretary Lee, of the Pennsylvania board of health, asking for a conference in Pittsburg, at 10 a. m. to-morrow and he leaves for Pittsburg to-night.

Recent reports that Dr. Probst has received, indicate that Canada is making rigid restrictions. As soon as these can be verified, and it is seen that Canada is establishing the twenty-day quarantine, the lake quarantine will be removed.

The guns for the Monterey have arrived at San Francisco, from the East. There are two 10-inch and one 12-inch guns.

SEND 2 stamps for trial box of Dr. MacFarland's Great Rheumatic Cure, Free. Address Dr. C. H. MacFarland & Co., 89 Public Square, Cleveland, O.

ABUSING THE NON-UNION MEN.

Great Indignation Among the New Men at Homestead.

Homestead, Pa., Sept. 9.—Sheriff McCleary is in Homestead investigating the conduct of his deputies during the outbreak last evening. There is a lively shaking up. One serious result of the lack of protection offered the non-union men in their visits to town is the intense indignation which prevails among those men.

It was learned this morning that when those who went to supper last night returned to the mill and told how they had been insulted, over 100 men wanted to go into the town in a body, armed, and give battle to all who opposed them. So strong was this inclination that Superintendent Potter had to be summoned to pacify the men.

TENNESSEE'S LAWLESS CITIZENS

White Caps Brutally Beat Men Who Do Not Assist Strikers.

Jellico, Tenn., Sept. 9.—Since the recent miners' troubles lawlessness has run riot in the mountains here. A white cap organization that came into existence some two months before the outbreak, has been especially active, and scores of men on the mountains who did not come actively to the assistance of the miners have been brutally beaten.

The white caps do not confine their work to the rural districts alone. This place has a large chapter of the order, and Monday night it gave a shocking display of their brutality. They were seized with a virtuous spasm and made a raid, capturing seven women of the town and several of their male companions. They were dragged by about 30 white caps to a grove, stripped of every stitch of clothing, thrown over a fallen log, and lashed until the blood dropped from the wounds. One of the women is believed to be fatally injured.

CHICAGO OFF FOR VENEZUELA

Her Commander Will Have Some Work To Do.

New York, Sept. 12.—The flagship Chicago of the North Atlantic squadron, Capt. John F. McGlensy, sailed yesterday from the Brooklyn navy yard for Venezuela. Rear Admiral John J. Walker was on board. The state government has granted him full power to deal with the Venezuela authorities.

He will demand the surrender of the six political refugees taken by force from the American steamship Caracas in Laguara harbor. The cruiser Philadelphia, Capt. Albert Barker, sailed from the navy yard for Baltimore to participate in the festivities of the national convention of the naval veterans' association.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The "scare" over the presence of cholera in New York bay is past, and no longer directly affects the financial world; but the quarantine regulations have seriously interfered with our foreign trade. For example, no foreign rags, linen, cotton, or woolen, and no cotton or woolen waste, are allowed to be imported. As a result, writing paper is expected to go up, because of the scarcity of linen rags. Our export trade in breadstuffs and cotton has been seriously interfered with. There was consequently a slackening of the demand for money last week, though rates remained firm at the previous week's advance. Call loans stood at 3 to 5 per cent, closing on Saturday at the lower figure. Time loans were firm at 4 1-2 to 6 per cent, according to the length of time for which the loan was made.

The checking of our exports not only causes a decline in prices of these staples but curtails the supply of foreign exchange, the rates for which were firm during the week, and at rates at which gold exports might be expected. None of that metal went to Europe, however, during the week, the only export being $43,000 of gold to South America. The imports of gold for the week were $29,494.

The dealings on the Stock Exchange were limited in volume during the week, and were largely confined to professional operators. There was a slightly advancing tendency. Stocks appear to be in strong hands, and the advance of rates in the money market has not yet reached the stage which would impel holders to sell stocks in order to use the money to better advantage in the money market. There was a small European demand for our stocks, but not to an extent which would really affect the situation.

There was a firm buying demand in silver for India account, and $549,300 worth went to Europe during the week, while $100,387 worth was imported. This demand, and the purchases for the government, kept the price steady, and it closed at 83 1-2 cents per ounce, at which rate the amount of silver in the standard dollar is worth 64 9-16 cents.

WEEKLY CONDITION OF TRADE

General Condition of Industries Remarkably Good.

New York, Sept. 10.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

Last week's semi-panic in stocks and grain has been followed by a more confident feeling about cholera, as it is seen that the pestilence is thus far confined to incoming ships by national regulations which all officials are now respecting.

Stocks have advanced about 75 cents per share on the whole, though in other markets the alarm disclosed a weakness which still continues. Meanwhile, the general condition of industries and trade throughout the country is not only remarkably good, but improving perceptibly from week to week, although the exports of merchandise are not yet large enough to prevent some exports of gold.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days, number for the United States 146, and for Canada 33, or a total of 179 as compared with totals of 176 last week and 180 the week previous to that. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 214, representing 187 failures in the United States and 27 in the Dominion of Canada.

The Crop Average.

Washington, Sept. 10.—The average in the government crop report just issued, is 76.8 against 82.7 last year and 85.5 in 1890.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS
OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Wednesday Sept. 13, 1892.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Sept. 13.	Sept. 6.
U. S. 4's coupons	115	115½
U. S. 4's registered	114½	114½
U. S. 2's registered	100 bid	100 bid
Pacific 6's of '95	107 bid	107 bid

Condition of the Grain Markets Up to the Close To-day.

This forenoon Liverpool wheat was 1-2d lower. In the markets of the United States wheat opened higher and held well in sympathy with corn. Corn was about 1-4c to 1-2c higher, on reports of frost in Nebraska, and indications of frost in other sections to-night. There were killing frosts at Fort Buford, Bismarck, Fort Sully, Valentine and North Platte. Our passage wheat decreased 600,000 and corn 1,800,000 bushels.

A cable says Russian wheat is being offered to arrive in France at lower prices than American.

It is a question now with many traders whether the United States government report should be regarded as bullish. It revealed nothing new regarding winter wheat, and went to contradict the stories circulated of late of the great damage in the Northwest.

At Chicago September wheat opened at 73 3-8c, and rose to 73 5-8c, 1-4c up; at Toledo it sold at 76 1-4c, 1-4c improved, and at St. Louis it sold at 68 7-8c, 1-8c better.

September corn opened at Chicago at 47 5-8c, and rose to 48 1-4c, 1 1-4c improved.

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Trade.

During the past week trade generally was of good proportions. The movement of shoes was especially active. Collections satisfactory.

Close To-Day.

The markets this afternoon for wheat were dull, with a firm tone at the close. Corn dull, but closed at the highest point.

At Chicago September wheat closed at 1-8c under best price of the day, at 73 3-4c; at Toledo it closed at the top, 76 1-4c, and at St. Louis it closed at best price at 69c; September wheat closed at New York at 79c, and December at 83 3-8c.

Corn for September delivery at Chicago closed 1-4c under best figures of the day, at 48 3-4c.

Receipts at Chicago to-day: Wheat, 90 cars; contracts, 31; corn, 831; contracts, 25; oats, 257; contract, 6. Estimates for to-morrow: Wheat, cars, 410; corn, 310; oats, 230.

The Liverpool Corn Trade News says: "The world's supply of breadstuffs in the season just closed amounted to 51,100,000 qrs., compared with 43,200,000 qrs. in 1890-91. The estimate adopted in these columns last season (December 18, 1891,) for the likely annual exports was 50,350,000 qrs., or within 1 1-2 per cent of the correct total. Our correspondent in Vienna, writing under date of August 27, informs us that thunder storms have caused some damage to gr